THE COMMONWEAL

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JUST WHAT IS PROHIBITION?

SENATOR BORAH has launched a campaign to save the people of the United States from making a serious mistake in choosing their next President. Having sent out a list of definite queries regarding the Eighteenth Amendment, the Senator expects replies that will determine once and for all the degree of drought in every candidate. The most important question asked is whether the principle embodied in the New York referendum (that Congress so modify the Volstead Act as to leave to the separate states the matter of identifying just what is intoxicating) is considered worthy of approval. For the practical politician this referendum, which has hardly been given the attention it deserves, embodies the most serious threat yet aimed at prohibition. Downright nullification of the embattled Amendment is inconceivable. Repeal of the Volstead Act is likewise a vain hope. But if a sufficient number of states should give an affirmative answer to the referendum idea, about as ideal a solution of the problem as could be hoped for under existing conditions might actually be arrived at. We say "ideal" here not because we are urging the cause of the wets, but simply because the evils attendant upon liquor-law enforcement are so largely the result of the radical unwillingness of certain localities to accept prohibition as it stands.

It is not likely that the Senator will accumulate many clear-cut responses. Folks whose hats are in the ring will not be jarred out of a crafty silence by the inquiries of a blunt and honest man. But we certainly do stand with President Butler in wishing that those who have gone into hiding with reference to the subject might be smoked out. Speaking before a prominent Republican audience, Dr. Butler declared that he did "not propose to support any candidate for the Presidency whose principles I do not know." And obviously one's attitude toward a constitutional amendment that must either be enforced or modified is something of a principle. The truth that prohibition has become the major issue of domestic politics is not yet widely accepted, but it must be and some day will be. One fancies that the biggest reason for silence regarding it is lack of ability to determine precisely what it is. Do we think of the liquor law in the same way as we think of other important social legislation? Is it a kind of anti-child-labor provision? Or is it a recipe for bringing about the moral improvement of the individual and the nation, discovered and perfected by religion? How does it compare in essence with the abolitionist movement which was so powerful about sixty years ago?

Well, not many people doubt that prohibition is to

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be regarded as a mandate imposed by the religious conscience. It may be true that the Anti-saloon League has derived much of its financial support from persons not identified with the churches—the indefatigable Mr. Kresge, for example. But to the whole of the press a prohibitionist is a tall, gaunt and very forbidding parson, the exact duplicate of the "Puritan exhorters" whom Ben Jonson pilloried before the Elizabethan play-goer. The silence of public men on the subject is attributable in large measure to their conviction that it is a religious mandate. It is one peculiar effect of our national "rule of tolerance" that an issue raised by a specific creed does not become a topic for free and open debate. Here and there some erratic or tactless politician (Heflin the "Baalabaman" is a notorious case) does get up and shout. But as a general rule you cannot fight a church group in the open once it has carried its banner into the political arena. The reason, quite apart from deference to belief, is a simple one. Moral conviction unifies voters on non-party lines as no other force can. And if the individual who must appeal to voters does not share this conviction, he prefers to ignore it. Thus, in a certain measure, "toleration" actually becomes something very like "intolerance."

Americans are gradually coming to realize, however, that the Eighteenth Amendment cannot be a religious issue. Protestantism, identified as a unit with temperance reform, is now gradually weakening its stand, despite the fact that the recent resolution of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ endorses "the honest enforcement of the constitution, including all the amendments." It is not so much a matter of protests from individual clergymen or specific religious groups. These protests increase from day to day, but it is not likely they would exert any large cumulative influence. There is a much more significant angle, dealt with in a most interesting editorial in the current Christian Century, the well-known "undenominational journal of religion." Basing his remarks on a body of correspondence relative to the subject, the author declares that many earnest prohibitionists "are extremely unhappy over the growth of a condition which, they claim, is tending to make national prohibition a question of church controversy rather than of national policy." He quotes a remark of a highly respected delegate to the recent Anti-saloon League convention to this effect: "I am going home on the 12:30 train because we Congregationalists and Catholics are merely scenery at this convention; it is altogether a Methodist and Baptist movement." It is obvious that he, no less than the delegate in question, does not want to be tied to that kind of movement. He does not want prohibition tied to it. He considers it essential, in view of the temper of public opinion, that Protestantism as an expression of American religious energy, be not tied to it. And in all these things he is so right that one wonders why nobody has said any of them so clearly before.

Prohibition will have a difficult time succeeding under any circumstances, but as a principle foisted upon us and maintained by the "evangelical churches" it has about as much chance to prevail as a hypothetical Catholic mandate that everybody carry palms on Palm Sunday. For, unlike other moral suggestions, it cannot ever be subscribed to universally by all Christians, and so will never win the assent of all Christians. Nothing could be more obvious than the fact that Christ Himself approved the use of wine. It is wholly apparent that the history of Christendom, including even the sojourn of the Puritan in New England, is overwhelmingly committed to the temperate use of alcoholic beverages. The suggestion of social abstinence did not appear until modern social and industrial conditions had developed to such a point that the status and meaning of "drink" had changed. It is, therefore, simply a modern social problem. We concede that we know of no principle which could restrain a Catholic or any Christian from advocating prohibition by law if he became convinced that the evil effects of alcohol could be removed in no other way. There is nothing in the frequently repeated statement that a "consistent Catholic" cannot support such a device as the Volstead Act. Saint Thomas says plainly that "the common good is to be preferred to the particular good of anyone." It is simply a matter of getting at the social facts in the case and of determining whether prohibition is the best way of meeting them.

The Christian Century hopes that the Eighteenth Amendment can be maintained as a "national policy." Significantly enough, it reports Mr. Hoover as having said that "there are plenty of economic facts to support the value of prohibition to American industry—even the sort of prohibition we have had up to date." Professor Irving Fisher might also have been quoted. A number of other people have muttered words to the same effect. Well, we do not feel that "value to industry" is altogether sufficient reason for putting into effect a law which is bitterly resented and flagrantly disobeyed by millions of respectable American citizens, and which has a decidedly wobbly theoretic basis. But we do believe it essential to consider the facts in the case. We are thoroughly convinced that when conceived of as a religious issue the prohibition law constitutes a wedge which drives dishonesty, reticence and deep animosity into American life. Taken out into the open, severed from the vengeances of politically organized fanaticism, and discussed as a matter of national policy, the question of prohibition becomes something new and different from what it has been—a problem which the American people can view in the light of social experience and decide to settle according to their standards of right and wrong. But when shall we get from the Anti-saloon League an assurance that this and nothing else is prohibition? The Christian Century editorial is good but it is not enough. Only a chorus can impress upon us all the refrain that is so desperately needed and so greatly desired.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE position of the New York World in regard to Nicaragua and Mexico is curiously mixed. It tells us that "the world is too closely related now to endure chronic disorder in any important section of it. It is all very well to say with Dr. Zeballos, Secretary of Foreign Affairs for Argentina, that no one ought 'to interfere in the internal life of the other republics, whatever may be their political instability. Let them fry in their own gravy.' That theory may have been sound before the modern industrial era. It is no longer sound and it is no longer workable. A nation frying too furiously in its own gravy soon has its neighbors frying in the same gravy." The World has in mind Nicaragua, where "we could certainly justify our fundamental purposes," as it very surprisingly announces to its sorely puzzled readers.

NOW, in Nicaragua we have not only talked of intervention, but we have intervened and are killing and being killed, however honestly we may be able to "justify our fundamental purposes." In Mexico, on the other hand, not only did we not intervene but nobody of any importance talked about intervention except Senator Heflin, the World, and the two "liberal" weeklies of New York, who were all in a stir about it until they found that nobody was listening to them. But the World seemed to think for a time that it was "imperialism" even to discuss Calles's proceedings in a critical way. If its latest exposition of what it thinks really exposes its state of mind, it wants us to stop Nicaragua from frying in its own gravy for fear it will soon have us frying in it, but does not want us even to disapprove of the gravy in which Mexico is frying, whether Mexico soon has us frying in it or not. It wants us to think neutrally, as President Wilson suggested on another occasion, about Mexico's gravy, but to act as well as think when Nicaragua's gravy gets too hot. If we act violently in Nicaragua we can "justify our fundamental purposes," but if we talk sternly but pacifically to Calles we cannot.

WHEN, by a vote of 168 to 52, the New York County Lawyers' Association decided to follow the lead of the Law Association of Philadelphia and investigate the workings of the Volstead law, John Vernon Bouvier, who advocated the plan, said some true words which did not go far enough. He said that manufacturers and retailers of soft drinks naturally opposed a change because their business benefits by the Volstead law, and further, that "a fine line of bootleggers, rum-runners, hijackers, cabaret proprietors and night-club proprietors . . . are united in enthusiastic 'support of the law.'" This is not the whole truth. The Volstead advocates have made thousands or millions of people believe that the saloonkeepers and rum-drinkers don't like the Volstead law. The support of it is really a commercial proposition, and millions are back of it. In California, for instance, the prosperity of the state has been greatly increased by the license given to the wine-makers under prohibition, and that state, originally wet, has turned dry to make money. The Anti-saloon League, powerful as it is, is not the most powerful force behind the opposition to efforts to reduce Volsteadism to the terms of the Bill of Rights; that force is the wealthy crew of sudden millionaires of the bootleg industry, created almost overnight when Congress adopted prohibition hastily—in twenty-four hours—over President Wilson's resolute and memorable veto.

REVIEWING the relations between Mr. Heflin and his native state, the Columbus Enquirer-Sun summarizes evidence which is both noteworthy and consoling. There is, first of all, the invitation extended to Senator Robinson by Mayor Gunter, of Montgomery: "As mayor of the capital city of Alabama, I speak not only for the people of Montgomery but for a large majority of the people of Alabama when I request you to visit us as the guest of the city and the people of Alabama, and speak to our people. We are deeply humiliated that the good name of Alabama should be besmirched by the false imputations of Senator Heflin." To this vigorous proclamation the Montgomery Advertiser, Grover Hall's fine paper, added a statement of its liberal political creed, ending with the following plain talk: "Finally, the Advertiser regards this as an especially happy moment to announce its choice of Governor Smith. Speaking for itself, the Advertiser is glad to present this declaration as its conception of an appropriate answer, on the part of Alabama Demo-

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crats, to Senator J. Thomas Heflin's fanatical outburst of two days ago." By way of bringing this good work to an adequate conclusion, the Enquirer-Sun declares in its own behalf: "Through endorsing Governor Smith in 1928, the Democracy of Alabama will have repudiated—and, let us hope, measurably silenced—the jackass whose braying now disgusts the nation." Any additions we might make to these remarks would be entirely superfluous.

IT IS as well that the Senate Elections Committee dismissed the petition of William B. Wilson for the seat of Senator-elect William S. Vare, even though the Committee did divide on party lines. Whoever was elected in Pennsylvania, Wilson was not. It would be an indefensible outrage against the theory which gives the voters of a state the right to determine, if not who shall be their Senator, at least who shall not be their Senator, to give the seat to a man obviously not their choice. Whether Vare is an ideal Senator is not the question; whether Wilson, the Democrat, would be a better Senator is not the question; whether, which is incredible, Vare bought the election is not the question. It is simply impossible that Pennsylvania went Demoratic in the last election, and to decide that she did would be a crime not only against a sovereign state but against the first principles of democracy. It is a pity that the vote on so clear an issue was on party lines, and still more a pity that Senator Reed of Missouri led the fight in behalf of Wilson's impossible claim. There seem to be almost no limits to Mr. Reed's partisanship, at least since the time when he joined hands with the Republicans to thwart the only Democratic President of the twentieth century in everything Mr. Wilson tried to do.

THERE could be no better testimonial to Jewish cultural effort in the United States than the growth of the Menorah movement and of its exponent, the Menorah Journal. Although consistently bearing the nature of its audience in mind, the Journal (which has now been inaugurated as a monthly) is actually one of the most significant American magazines. It is edited with great discernment, and its writers include all the more important of the younger Jewish litterateurs. We do not, of course, assent either to the majority of views expressed in the Journal or to the general policy which seemingly coördinates them. Our own device is certainly not: "We invite the collaboration of all, whatever your dogmas or denials, so only you accept the one basic belief—that the intelligence of man shall play in absolutely uninhibited and unfettered ways, subject only to the laws of intelligence itself, upon the whole life of man." We feel, in company with what seems a majority of Christian men of mind the world over, that the purely "intellectual" conception of human experience is somewhat antiquated. Who does not see that "mystery" has become a matter of major importance in contemporary living, and that it is precisely in one's ultimate encounter with mystery that the uninhibited intelligence fails? Menorah practice does not expound, however, all that its theory seems to imply. We shall continue to read the Journal with much interest, profit and sympathy.

SYMPATHY in the most commonly accepted sense must likewise be felt with those Jews who are meeting with hostility in various parts of what may be termed Balkan Europe. We have just read an explanation of the circumstances in Hungary, where fierce clashes between Jewish and non-Jewish students have taken place, by Minister Stefan Haller of Budapest. The seriousness of the occurrences is not denied. But it is contended that as far back as 1901 Jewish leaders themselves realized that any attempt on the part of their brethren to "monopolize" the professions would result in trouble, and that "proportional representation" in the universities was necessary. Nothing was done, however, at the time. Disturbances incidental to the war and the proletarian revolution brought matters to a head. Veteran students, returning from the front, were angered at finding the professional school crowded with Jewish students; and after these had in some cases taken a share in the bolshevist uprising, resentment grew strong and bitter. Thereupon the government decreed "proportional representation" by law. The number of students is limited according to the facilities available and the ability of the country to absorb professional graduates. Each religious group, furthermore, is entitled to that percentage of student attendance which is approximately equivalent to its numerical strength in the population. Minister Haller contends that the percentage accorded to the Jews is actually higher than they are entitled to. All this procedure must seem cramped and dictatorial to us. But it appears that the ferment at work is economic rather than social or religious in character.

THE Associated Press, which since Melville Stone's day has evinced a strange desire to compete with the organs of vulgarity in Chicago and among the tabloids, carried its growing triviality to an extreme when it quoted President Cosgrave as saying, "Begorra, I never saw so many automobiles and such fine ones as they have in this country." Mr. Franklin P. Adams, of the New York World, is to be credited not only with running down this absurdity but with riddling it with ridicule; but he leaves behind it a larger question, that of the imaginary Irishman. Is there living any man of, say, seventy years, who ever heard any Irishman, or anyone else off the stage, say "Begorra"? In Dublin there are some people who say "Bedad"—not many—but no real person ever said "Begorra."

THAT creature, who held the stage for probably eighty years, was an English Frankenstein monster. He had red whiskers, blue eyes, a pug nose and a long upper lip. Look around you among the Irishmen in

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America. Most of them are black-haired and not one, we'll be bound, has a long upper lip or a pug nose; the Irish type has a prominent nose and a short upper lip. There is, however, such a type, to be found in Lancashire and especially Yorkshire. The English inventor of the stage Irishman, whoever he was, looked as far afield as he could—not further than Yorkshire—found a type, exaggerated it, dressed it in what he thought were Irish clothes, put the weird word "Begorra" in his mouth, and established a tradition which has not been shaken off until this generation—if, indeed, it has been shaken off even yet.

IN THE January issue of the Methodist Quarterly Review, a publication which is as interesting in content as it is attractive in arrangement and typographical dignity, Professor James B. Ranck discusses the evolution of monasticism and arrives at the conclusion that "in its time" it was a great power for good. He finds that the dominant humanitarian trend in Christianity, which owes much of its emphasis to the Wesleyan movement, had its springs during the middle-ages, "within the folds of the Roman Church." But in unfolding, stage by stage, the evolution of an ascetic movement which ultimately gave impetus to a wider humanitarianism, a strange starting-point is chosen. According to Professor Ranck, the ideals of Christ are radically incompatible with those of monasticism; the genius of Christianity is "Save others if you would save yourself," that of monasticism, "Save yourself, and let others save themselves if they like."

IT IS easy to follow the developments of monasticism as the author of the article discloses them, for they are matters of elementary historical record, but these very evolvements appear puzzling, history or no history, if attempt is made to reconcile them with the definitions of the motivations of monasticism which he has adopted. The confusion caused by the contorted concept of the cloistered life, the apparent ignorance of the ideal of continuous prayer on behalf of those who do not pray and the consecration of every act, however humble and ordinary, to the majesty of God ignored by a selfish world, makes some of the developments marvelously miraculous, rather than logically and inevitably evolutionary. That those whose motto was to save themselves and let others go to perdition if they liked should have found their first expression of activity in wonderful missionary enterprise, would seem passing strange. Almost as strange as to learn, when the Benedictines are under discussion, that the monks "did not contemplate God as revealed in science and in society."

BY THE death of Henrietta Channing Dana Skinner, the circle of Catholic writers in America loses one of its distinguished figures and The Commonweal one of its most prized contributors. The granddaughter and daughter of novelists of prominence—her father won lasting fame with his Two Years Before the Mast—Mrs. Skinner won the unstinted praise of Oliver Wendell Holmes when, at an early age, she wrote Letters from a French Convent. Later, with Espiritu Santo, Faith Brandon and other works, she fully justified the expectations of this famous member of the New England literary colony in which she had been guided in discernment and encouraged to exercise discrimination, as the companion in their studies of the children of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. With these studies supplemented by a few years at a Paris convent, a course at Radcliffe and post-graduate music under César Franck and at the Stuttgart Conservatory, Miss Dana, at the time of her marriage to Henry Whipple Skinner of Detroit, in 1892, already had won recognition in magazines of the better class. From the founding of The Commonweal her reviews of books and articles on art topics have been among the most valuable of our contributions. She wrote with authority, yet with a charm which made every offering a delight to the reader. The literary tradition of her family which she so worthily sustained is continued in the work of her son, R. Dana Skinner, the dramatic critic of this review.

A RECENT report, issued by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, illustrates what is well known to archaeologists but unrecognized by the mass of mankind, namely the sense of permanence, quite unjustified in the end, which the Crusaders had of their occupation of the Holy Land. Far away in Syria, in that "rose-red city half as old as time," Petra, beside the ancient temple of Isis and other remains, are all that is left of the Crusaders' fortress which for years occupied that important strategic point. The Museum report, however, relates to the examination of the castle of Montfort between Acre and Tyre, which has recently been undertaken under its auspices. The leading result is to show what is suggested above—that the Crusaders felt that they were established there forever. Their extensive buildings, the chapel, the mill in the valley below the fortress, and other appurtenances described in the report, show that the occupants were at least as comfortably settled as they would have been in similar buildings in their native countries. This castle was in the hands of Frenchmen until 1229 when it was handed over to Germans of the Order of the Hospital of Our Lady of the Teutons. It was destroyed in 1291 and its ruins have been undisturbed through all the succeeding centuries until the present excavations were undertaken.

FASHION, rendering the boulevards breathless once again, appeared in what are described as longer gowns, ruffles and circular skirts. How cordial a welcome will be extended to her by women generally we do not presume to know. But there is one shift in style, scheduled to take place on Washington's birthday precisely, which will be greeted with universal ap-

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proval. The Klan is to discard "secrecy" and to put on the armor of the "third degree" instead. Precisely how a dragon will look when decked out in the last-named costume is a matter of conjecture, but it is certain that some improvement is bound to be manifest. After all, the sheets and atrocious headgear which used to constitute the regalia did not satisfy anybody. Designed to be neither comfortable nor impressive, they simply demonstrated the un-American character of the Klan. Perhaps the new "degree" will testify to almost the same thing, but we have ceased to worry greatly over the matter. In so far as the simple folk who joined the organization were honestly trying to express their moral ideals, we feel that a certain amount of progress has been made through teaching them that the way toward goodness and beauty does not coincide with the trail behind mean and ignorant pettifoggers. So far as the rest of the Klan is concerned, there is no sense in wasting time on nonsense with or without three degrees.

MOST people, no doubt, are aware that Darwin held that evolution took place by the cumulative effect of small variatians. Mivart acutely criticized this view; Huxley told him that he was wrong; but Darwin held to his view which, it is safe to say, if not discredited utterly today, is doubted, at least, by a large number of biologists. Hugo de Vries, the distinguished Dutch botanist whose work on Mutations was first published in English in Chicago, is the cause of this change of opinion. His researches on the evening primrose showed that nature did make sudden and great jumps or mutations; and it is now believed that it was by this way, and not that of small changes, that species came into being. These remarks are apropos of the fact that De Vries keeps his eightieth birthday on February 16. In the private laboratory which he built for himself in 1918, when he retired from the Chair of Botany in the University of Amsterdam, he is still steadily working away at the evening primrose and its problems and, we may hope, will be spared to bring his labors to a successful conclusion.

THE mingled lights and shadows of President Cosgrave's American tour testify to the uncompromisingly antagonistic convictions held by United States citizens of Irish descent regarding the status of the Free State. These convictions we are not in a position to analyze or judge. We do, however, appreciate the significance of the fact that Mr. Cosgrave came here as the first regularly elected chief executive of his people. Meanwhile, another leading Irish citizen has come, meeting with a cordial welcome on the part of all who appreciate his importance as a representative of Celtic culture and agrarian reform. Mr. George Russell, charming poet and editor of the Irish Statesman, is likely to win more unstinted applause than any political missioner from his island could. The Commonweal hopes to print accounts of both visits and their purposes.

STANDING BY THE INSTITUTE

IN HIS volume on The Church and the Country Community, which is noticed elsewhere in this issue of The Commonweal, the Reverend Edwin V. O'Hara points out the danger which lurks in indiscriminate advocacy of the back-to-the-land movement. "There would seem to be little in favor of sending city people without means and without farm experience into the country," he says. "Their attempts are for the most part foredoomed to failure." The problem which confronts the Church in America is how to make rural life more attractive and more fruitful.

This was fully realized by Cardinal Gibbons, who throughout a long life never forgot his experiences in the country districts of his first vicariate of North Carolina. When, shortly before the outbreak of the war, he purchased the tract of land on which has since risen the group of buildings of the Institute that bears his name, he planned first a school which should enlarge the opportunities of the colored race, and secondly an institution which should direct the attention of all Americans to the advantages, to city as well as country, of the establishment of schools in rural communities in which instruction in agriculture should be combined with advance in general culture.

When the Cardinal Gibbons Institute was being constructed, Admiral Benson remarked to a gathering at Ridge, Maryland: "It is not charity, the building of this institution, it is but giving an opportunity to prosper where little has been given before. If the Negro race receives training, and through it becomes more productive and prosperous, it adds to the prosperity of all, white as well as colored. What we do for you, therefore, we do indirectly for ourselves. We are encouraged to do our part because you are doing yours."

The successor of the saintly Cardinal has worked assiduously for the Institute, has given large sums from the diocesan funds for its building and maintenance, because he has realized that those who received and those who gave were not only becoming more productive and more prosperous in material things but were gaining and giving in things of the spirit in a manner which might well serve as an example to the whole country. For example, the natural and inherent love of the Negro for music will in time be utilized to make the Institute a great factor for the development of plain chant, which is being vigorously promoted throughout the Archdiocese of Baltimore.

How this whole experiment has seized on the imagination of those who have had opportunity to know what is being done at Ridge is shown in the action of Columbia, which devotes three full pages of its January issue to a comprehensive review of the work of the Institute. It has been the privilege of The Commonweal to print from time to time short articles on certain aspects of the undertaking which is so close to the heart of Archbishop Curley, and it is a source

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of satisfaction to us that the official organ of the Knights of Columbus, with its large circulation, should have drawn the attention of practical Catholics in all parts of the country to what is really an inspiring undertaking. Frankly, the work of supporting the Institute in its first years has had to be borne by an all too small group of understanding enthusiasts. Neither clergy nor laity as a whole have visioned what the experiment means, not only to the Church but to America. The colored race, Catholic and non-Catholic, has responded nobly to the efforts made on its behalf. No sacrifice has been too great when demands have been made for emergency offerings at critical times. Now, when the Institute has a long waiting list of those only too eager to avail themselves of all it has to offer, those who, as Admiral Benson pointed out, will benefit indirectly just as much as Negroes will benefit directly by the expansion of its work, should realize their obligation to help solve a national problem by making as prominent and telling as they can the example of the Cardinal Gibbons Institute.

MR. HUGHES SMILES

THE adroitness and affability of those representing the United States at the Pan-American conference are well-nigh making us sit up and rub our eyes. To a man they have issued a cordial invitation to "talk things over," and then have proceeded to declare themselves in what, for the most part, are admirable terms. Naturally one admits, without wishing to detract in any way from the personal effectiveness of Mr. Hughes and his associates, that the position of the United States at the conference is very strong. The peoples to the south are not united. Most of them even retain the memories of grudges more or less ancient, of struggles in which war and invasion played a grim part. There has been, to be sure, a deep antipathy to the "designs" of Washington, reflected throughout South America in a journalistic eloquence that kept on repeating the same sentiments. But this antipathy is not capable of much effort in a situation which calls for drawing up and energetically pushing through plans for a new future. The biggest force which South America as a whole brings to the conference is respect for international law which is really the same thing as "general welfare." And to this President Coolidge extended a welcome when he said: "You are continuing to strike a new note in international gatherings by maintaining a forum in which not the selfish interests of a few, but the general welfare of all, will be considered."

This sentence means something because the citizens of the United States are lined up in support of it. The secret of popular opposition to intervention in Nicaragua, or anywhere else in Latin America, is primarily not unwillingness to see the marines engage in battle. We are not yet a people which ignores the righteousness of war under righteous conditions. Police power is still regarded among us as something of a necessity. But the conviction is growing that neither war nor police patrolling are good things in places like Nicaragua. We feel that they benefit us extremely little. We are almost positive that they help Latin America not at all. This attitude of mind has developed very rapidly during the past few years, but its roots are older than that. People still swallowed President Roosevelt's Panama enterprise, which was probably intervention under a canny disguise. But when President Wilson intervened in Mexico against Huerta, some observers commenced to tell the obvious truth that, barring the explicit wording of a treaty, he was doing precisely the same kind of thing that Germany had done in Belgium. He was crossing the tenuous but firm line which had been drawn between one nation and another by international convention. Today the kind of thing that Mr. Wilson then did to the tune of considerable applause would arouse a storm of disapproval. The people of the United States want international law.

How far can the present conference satisfy this general desire? It could, first of all, seek to change the character of the Pan-American Union itself, which at present (as everybody knows) is only a forum in which accredited representatives of various nations take a share. The delegates might become plenipotentiaries. The chairman's office might pass in rotation from one country to another. Arbitration could be made one of the functions of the Union. None of these changes is likely to come about. However desirable in themselves, the present composition of the Union is not calculated to render them possible. The major object of the conference is likely to be the constitution of treaties designed to settle the major grievances now existing between the peoples organized in the Union. These can then be referred to the separate governments for ratification. It is easy to discern how vast is the scope of the discussion that is likely to ensue. Mr. Hughes has been skilfully heading talk in this direction, away from schemes to turn the machinery of the Union itself into a barrel-organ of bliss. In the weeks to come we shall see what results, if any, are forthcoming.

The relations of the United States with Mexico are not receiving a great deal of attention, but nearly everybody realizes that Mexico and Nicaragua are the real test cases. The balance-sheet of our exploits in the second country must show a profit in terms of democratic progress as well as dollars if we are to emerge with an untarnished reputation. In so far as the first country is concerned, "good-will" itself is on trial. People are confidently expecting that Washington will not consider Mr. Morrow's work in Mexico worthy of a passing grade until he has persuaded Señor Calles to assent to a program of "cooperation" that will safeguard not financial interests merely but the decencies of civilization as well on both sides of the Rio Grande.

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SMITH AND HOOVER

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

GOVERNOR SMITH'S nomination on an early ballot, probably on the second, is as certain as anything can be in politics, and while Secretary Hoover's case is not so obvious he is, at present, running away easily with the Republican standard. Hoover's adversaries, a curious and unaccountable lot, have been unable to find any way of stopping him, and the unintelligent manner in which they try to find pebbles to throw at his onrushing boom suggests that they are dazed and bewildered by its speed.

Mr. Smith's case is much easier of understanding than Mr. Hoover's. A truism in politics is that "you can't beat somebody with nobody." Every effort to find a candidate against Smith has failed. His opponents started out ambitiously with such well-known names, such eligible candidates, as Senator Reed, Senator Walsh of Montana and Governor Ritchie; but the booms refused to stand up; they wilted. In desperation the anti-Smith men have come down to wild proposals of unknown names, such as that of a doubtless estimable gentleman in Kentucky named Ayred and another in Indiana named Woollen—though in the latter case the suggestion is probably less an anti-Smith move than a plan to ensure for Mr. Taggart a strategic position in the forthcoming convention.

Lately the desperation of the anti-Smith Democrats has been revealed strikingly in the bringing out of better-known names, but always those of men who by no stretch of the imagination could be nominated. Such are the respectable but ineffectual names of Senator George in Georgia and Cordell Hull in Tennessee. Virginia is undecided whether to put forward the able but unavailable Senator Glass or the excellent and impossible Governor Byrd. Of course Senator Robinson can have the Arkansas delegation by merely nodding, but it is extremely unlikely that that level-headed statesman will nod.

The outlook is that on the first ballot the plethora of favorite sons will prevent a two-thirds majority for anybody; that Smith will increase his lead on the second ballot far past the majority point as other candidates withdraw, but that there will still be no nomination on the roll-call; and that before the result of that ballot is announced there will be a rush of states to change their votes to Smith and get on the band wagon, so that when the result is announced, he will be the nominee. There may be some unusual display of last-ditch fighting which will delay his nomination until the third or fourth ballot, but if so it will be a departure from the normal psychology of conventions.

Mr. Hoover suffers, by comparison with Mr. Smith, from his late start. Until President Coolidge's second and crushing refusal to run, the party's mind was filled with him, and neither Hoover nor anyone else was seriously thought of. Lowden was almost surreptitiously in the field with an organized movement to put him forward if Coolidge should decline, and the natural supposition, when that unexpected event really did occur, was that the ex-Governor would have a flying start. Instead, the party turned instantly to Hoover. The rush seems to have stunned and almost paralyzed his opponents, for they have been manoeuvring in a fashion that cannot be called anything but stupid.

Why Hoover should have any political enemies is something of a mystery which will yet be cleared up. It can hardly be his personality, which is said to grate on politicians, for politics is a game played to win points, and personalities are irrelevant to the main object of the players. There is unquestionably a strong antagonism to him, as there is to Smith among some Democrats, but the reason for the enmity to Smith is easily understandable whereas the reason in Hoover's case is less so.

At any rate, the fact of this enmity is shown in the desperate and generally foolish attempts to find some way of stopping him. The tactics of the anti-Hoover men resemble those of the anti-Smith men, but are sillier. The main idea is, as with the anti-Smith men, to bring out favorite sons, Willis in Ohio, Curtis in Kansas, Watson in Indiana, and so on. There does not appear to be much chance for Lowden; his boom seems to be so lethargic that it is generally expected he will turn over his following to Vice-President Dawes on an early ballot, though of course the Lowdenites vigorously deny it. That stratagem means the bringing out of Dawes as a dark horse at the last moment and an attempt to stampede the convention for him, and in that case all the other candidates except Hoover would be relied on to withdraw and throw their votes to Dawes.

Something like this is evidently what Senator Watson is playing for. He will appear at the convention as Indiana's candidate, but he has no idea he can be nominated, and is merely holding his state for strategic purposes. He is the head and centre of the opposition to Hoover, though nobody has explained why he should be. He is an adroit political manager, but the moves so far made against Hoover, if they are made at his direction, show much less than his usual skill.

The business of hamstringing the leading candidate by bringing out a flock of favorite sons and then, after settling the hash of the aforesaid candidate, getting together on somebody else, is very old. What the politicians never seem to learn is that it is a strata-

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gem which seldom works. In the present case the behavior of Senator Willis of Ohio is puzzling. He acts as if he were not content to be a stalking-horse and really thought he could be nominated. This was not shown conclusively when he insisted on remaining in the race after the Hamilton County leaders informed him that he could not hope for a united delegation from Ohio, though his action then did squint that way. Much more significant was his selection of Colonel Carmi Thompson as his campaign manager, with the announcement that Thompson would gun for votes in other states than Ohio, and would, in consequence, make Willis a national figure instead of a mere favorite son.

This has a business-like ring. Thompson is one of the ablest politicians in that highly political state, Ohio. There are only two possible explanations—either Willis is bent on making himself so troublesome that Hoover, if elected, will have to put him in the Cabinet, or else he does believe, unlike Watson and the other favorite sons, that he has a chance for the nomination. The alternative seems incredible, for he has no such chance. A possible explanation lies in the intimations that Willis will have the Anti-saloon League behind him and thinks that the united drys can control the convention and force the party into an extreme attitude. When the presidential bee stings a man he can make himself believe anything. If Willis and the drys undertake to force the issue in any such form, they will not get him the nomination, but they will transform the Kansas City convention into a Donnybrook Fair that will, beyond question, leave results.

The blight of foolishness that has fallen on the anti-Hoover camps could not be better illustrated than by the campaign material which they have put out against him—such, for instance, as the mare's nest about his ineligibility because he had spent some years in Europe, the yarn that he is a Democrat, and the unutterably silly attempt to arouse prejudice because he supported President Wilson during the war. Such midwinter night dreams are worth attention for one reason, which is that they reveal the dismay and stupefaction created by his galloping away with state after state, and the blind and frantic way in which his opponents are groping for some missile to throw at him. They have no effect except to increase the justifiable confidence of the Hooverites.

Another example of the paralytic condition in which the Hoover cavalry charge has placed his bewildered enemies is to be found in the attitude of the New York Republican leaders. These gentlemen have never been famed for political wisdom, which is one reason why Governor Smith has found them such easy prey. While Republicans all over the state are rushing for the band wagon, Chairman Morris and National Committeeman Hilles cling frenziedly to their plan for an uninstructed delegation. That is their right, but they make themselves ridiculous when they beg the public to believe that they are not doing it to cripple Hoover, and have nothing against his nomination. This, of course, is an anchor cast to windward in case Hoover is nominated, but in casting it they are as blind as usual. If Hoover is named their protestations will avail them nothing, and the credit of being Hoover men will go to the men who are for him right now, such as Ogden L. Mills, William L. Ward, Theodore Douglas Robinson and Colonel William J. Donovan; and there may be a new deal in New York Republicanism.

In fact, nothing is stranger than the ignorance of politicians about politics. In 1904, such experienced politicians as Roosevelt and Lodge thought Alton B. Parker had a good chance to be elected; in 1864, a month before election, Lincoln thought he was likely to be defeated by McClellan; the night before the election of 1896, Bryan went to bed certain that he was to be the next President. And in strict accordance with this unvarying ignorance of politicians we hear ex-Governor Pinchot saying, "I don't believe Al Smith has the slightest chance of getting the nomination." We hear ex-Governor Cox cheerily announcing Republican corruption as the winning Democratic issue, when the election of 1924 should have shown a blind man that the voters pay no attention to such charges when the candidate at whom they are leveled is a Coolidge or a Hoover. And we have ex-Secretary Daniels proclaiming (and apparently expecting to be believed) that the "one tremendous obstacle" to Smith's nomination is not his religion but his opinion of the Eighteenth Amendment. There should be a kindergarten for politicians—though it is probable, to be sure, that it would not do them any good.

Wall-Paper for a Child's Room

Little fat ducks and geese
Wearing doll bonnets tied
Under their chins go round
The white border beside
An old, old woman with a crook.
All this came out of an
Old-fashioned story book.
Life will teach you how to walk;
Walking is a grace, my dear.

Little blue Dutch boys and
Little blue Dutch girls too,
With wooden shoes upon
Their feet, little shoes of blue,
Dance on the hillsides where
The daisies wink a wink—
Where white-cupped tulips tip
Their cups for them to drink.
Life will teach a different dance,
Not on hills where daisies grow.

Life will teach you very much,
Dear, perhaps too much—too much.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY.

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MEXICO AND ITS MARTYRS

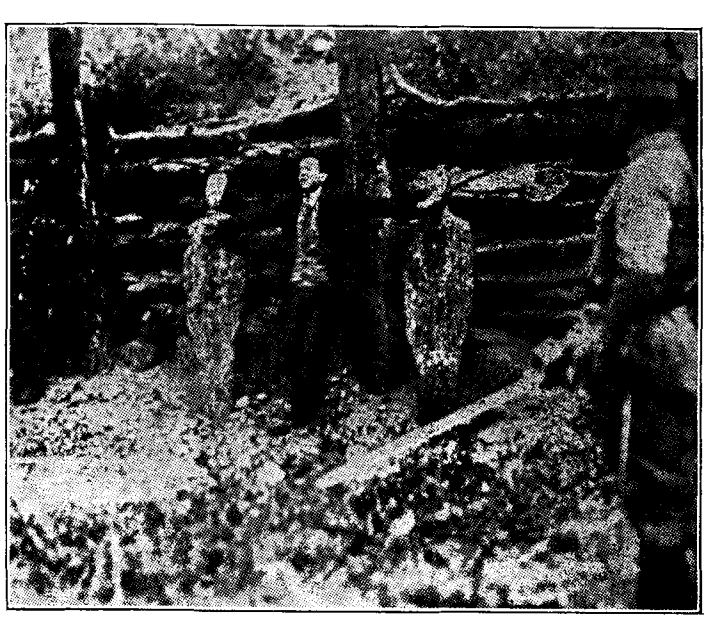
FATHER PRO JUAREZ

THE four illustrations which lend an air of grim tragedy to the pages are worthy of the most serious attention the American public can give. They chronicle the death of Father Miguel Pro Juarez and his companions, executed by order of the Mexican government on mere accusation of having taken part in an attempt upon the life of General Obregon. All of them have appeared in various secular journals, to which they were dispatched at the behest of Calles himself with captions indicating that "this is how rebels are dealt with in Mexico." Oddly enough, however, precisely these gruesome photographs have become "seditious" in the land of Guadalupe. On January 24, General Roberto Cruz, chief of police, made a raid on the Josefina Convent and arrested twenty nuns. Two days later a similar attack was made upon the Collegio Seminar, where priests and students were taken into custody. In the interim no fewer than half a dozen other raids had been directed against Catholic institutions and groups, so that the number of prisoners taken was reported by the press as being at least three hundred. And what was the charge brought against them? Substantially this: They were found guilty of circulating the illustrations which The Commonweal now puts before its readers—illustrations which the Mexican government itself obtained and sent abroad as "proof conclusive" of the Church's malice. The "rebels" seem to live on as forces which the Calles régime trembles before, as witnesses to a truth which all the world shall some day know.

What has endowed these bodies, mangled by a volley from the firing squad, with so great a significance? We have already put before our readers not our own opinion regarding the episode, but the version sent to the New Republic by Mr. Carlton Beals, whose support of the Mexican revolution is too well known to need comment. Mr. Beals said that Father Miguel Pro Juarez and his three companions had been put to death with the direct approval of Calles; that they had been given no trial; that no evidence other than mere suspicion was ever advanced against them; that the press of Mexico City openly professed to believe that the victims were innocent; and that a crowd of 20,000 people attended the funeral of the martyrs, kneeling in a spirit of reverence and recognition. But among all the United States journals which had printed the pictures when they were first sent out by Calles, together with the "official" version of the executions, not one paid any attention either to us, or to the whole of the Catholic press in this country, or to Mr. Carlton Beals, in the matter of Father Pro Juarez's side of the case. The fact that they did not do so is to our mind a damning indictment. It is not that we hold the gentlemen of the press obliged to take up the defense of the Catholic Church here or in Mexico. We do not even demand of them any enlightened views on the whole difficult subject. But the gentlemen of the press in this country are running newspapers. And in this instance they first of all published bogus information, and then failed to publish authentic information. It is no excuse to say that the second article could not be had. The National Catholic Welfare News Service got it. We got it. Mr. Beals got it and sent it out of Mexico.

Things are done a little differently in other countries.

FATHER PRO JUAREZ PRAYS FOR HIS EXECUTIONERS



THE MOMENT OF EXECUTION

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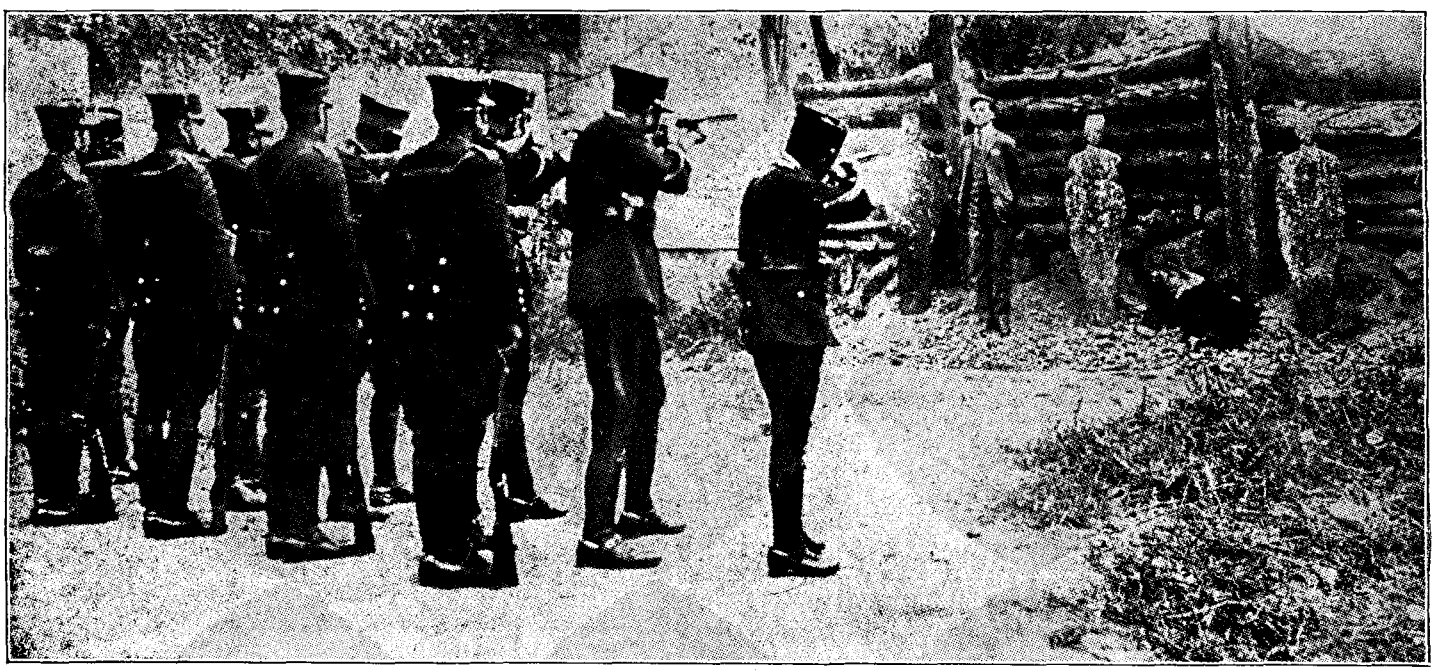
In its issue of December 10, 1927, the Paris L'Illustration published the photographs we are reproducing here, with the customary captions. A number of readers protested against the manner in which these were worded. L'Illustration, in its issue of January 7, printed a photograph of the martyred priest and explained that the illustrations had been supplied, with their captions, by a leading news agency. It admitted that its own information regarding Mexican affairs was most limited, but asserted that it was glad to find occasion to request a statement of the Catholic position from Father G. Picard who, as rector of the Collége Theologique at Enghien, was in close touch with the situation. For lack of space we are unable to reprint the whole of Father Picard's remarks. But we draw attention to the following paragraphs:

upon the life of General Obregon in order to strike a fierce blow. Arrested, accused, condemned on evidence which amounted to absolutely nothing more than the bald personal statements of General Cruz, chief of police, without offering any kind of proof or allowing to them the liberty of defending themselves, a priest and three members of the League for Religious Defense were hastily executed. The government pretended that since the victims had 'confessed all,' there was nothing to do but proceed with the course of justice. In reality no pretense could have been more false.

"Father Pro Juarez is more to me than a 'member of the Society of Jesus.' As a student at the institution over which I now preside, where he was ordained in 1925 and which he did not leave until 1926, he left



Luis Segura Vilchis Being Executed Above the Dead Body of Father Pro Juarez

"Like all the authors of persecution, Calles believed that it was sufficient to strike at the head of the Church in order to enforce the submission of the rest. Accordingly he exiled the bishops, confiscated all ecclesiastical property, imprisoned and massacred the priests. Worship in all its forms became impossible. Marriage, confession, sacramental ministration, became crimes punishable with death; and the Mass could be celebrated only without ritual, without even the missal and the chalice. But certain groups of laymen protested. They organized a League for Religious Defense, which was then discredited in the eyes of other nations by the Mexican government, as an organization of revolt against itself. In order to break down its powers of resistance, President Calles ordered the execution of thirty-seven priests and fifty young men in one year.

"During the month of November, the government eagerly seized the occasion presented by an attempt

behind him many friends among us and we have not ceased to take an interest in his labors and hardships. Through the secret correspondence which he conducted, under the pseudonym of Miguel Enghien, with his Mexican confrères in refuge at Woodstock, Maryland, and through other channels, we have been able to follow step by step his activities. And on the basis of these documents, which are direct and undeniably authentic, we rise to make the most formal denial of the utterly untruthful allegations of the Mexican government. In the presence of judges and journalists, in a statement since made public, and on the scene of execution itself, the condemned men consistently proclaimed their innocence. Summoning up his last strength, Father Pro, tranquil in the face of death, denied that he had taken any part in the plot or had in any way helped to instigate it. The government knew perfectly well that he was telling the truth, but it wished to get rid of an intrepid priest and some

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very courageous members of the Catholic citizenry of Mexico.

"Nor were the people of Mexico deceived for one instant regarding the whole outrageous affair. On the day of the funeral, more than twenty thousand persons reverenced with resounding acclamations the bodies of the victims, which they accompanied more than five kilometers. Robed in mourning, carrying flowers in their hands, the crowd prayed aloud; and when it paused in the midst of its solemn petition, it was for the purpose of crying, 'Hail to the martyrs! May Christ the King live!' An eye-witness writes that probably never before 'has the soil of Mexico trembled beneath so magnificent a demonstration.'

"I say, then, that Father Miguel Pro died a martyr to the cause of conscience, and not a conspirator. After having called down upon the firing squad which was to bring death to him a final benediction, after having demanded aloud God's pardon for his murderers, he sank with his arms outstretched—according to the example of the Master. And standing above the bodies of his two sons, Miguel Pro, an old man sixty-nine years of age, said to his daughter only these few words, worthy of a sublime Christian: 'My child, there is no reason why you should cry!' "

In publishing this story, so austerely simple and yet so profoundly moving, L'Illustration professed to be doing nothing more than preserving its "impartiality as a journal of news." It might, perhaps, have pleaded (with the worthy captains of finance who edit the Chicago Tribune) that Mexico was a long way off and that not many people could possibly be interested. We concede that in its case the excuse would have had some manner of validity. But what American can conscientiously put forth any such plea, now that the whole energy of the government of the United States has been concentrated upon the difficult and vital task of improving our relations with the countries to the south? The martyrdom of Father Pro Juarez and much else besides is taking place in the country which borders most narrowly upon our own, and for the destinies of which we are partly responsible. How can democratic public opinion remain indifferent?

We are not calling for a crusade against Calles. Consistently we have maintained, with the Catholic hierarchy of this country, that military force is not something that can be requested of our government in situations such as this. But we do say that these things are happening. We do declare that to us they are most emphatically and tragically news, and that they ought to constitute highly important news to those who deplore the victimizing of religious minorities (under far less deplorable conditions) in countries like Roumania, or to those who consider it important to preserve the fundamental tenets of civilization. And so long as the press of the United States neglects its obligation to supply all this public, not with propaganda but with the facts in the case, it remains the biggest contributing force to the maintenance of that indifference and blindness to a harrowing national tragedy in which the historian of the future must see a sinister index to the public mind of 1928.

SHALL WE OBEY THE CONSTITUTION?

By ELMER MURPHY

TO THE conscientious citizen who is interested in the elevation of social standards and in making this country of ours a more comfortable place to live in, the fact that the principle of freedom of religious worship, planted in the constitution with the Bill of Rights, has not come to flower after more than a century may be encouraging—or discouraging. It might reconcile one to present failures by the assurance it conveys that a task of this kind is long and arduous and not to be completed in a day. Or it may bear down heavily upon flagging spirits who accept it as evidence of the hopelessness of attempting to change a man's way of thinking by a constitutional declaration or statutory enactment. However, let us consider some of these past efforts.

One hundred and thirty-eight years ago the people of the existing states subscribed to the following doctrine:

> No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States.

A year or two later they amplified this general idea by adding:

> Congress shall make no law respecting any establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.

That, it might have been assumed, would finish the matter. However it did not.

At the Jackson Day dinner at Washington, where the disciples of Jefferson foregathered, Senator Reed of Missouri saw fit to allude to liberty of conscience as one of the cherished principles of that great exponent of democracy:

> . . . Liberty of conscience not in the narrow sense that a man may worship without punishment by the authorities, but in the broad implication that no man is to be subjected to any kind of punishment, obloquy or disgrace because of his faith. To all men of all creeds exact equality is to be accorded, and neither in private life nor in public office is the free citizen of America to be placed, on account of his religion, under the ban. Impair that doctrine in the slightest degree

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> and you tear from the temple of liberty its central supporting pillar.

And the Governor of Maryland added this amen:

> After all, in the case of any real leader fit to sit in high position, the ultimate test is not what may be his views on this or that current question. Most certainly it is not what may be his religious creed.

Here is a commentary upon the futility of legislation that is strikingly applicable to a burning question of the moment—law enforcement. It appears that 138 years after the principle of religious liberty was agreed upon and formulated with all the solemnity that could attend human utterance, it is necessary for those who wear the mantle of political leadership to direct popular attention to the fact that it is not applied, or is in danger of being ignored. In this long stretch of years its observance as a rule of conduct has spread so slowly that it is necessary to reasseverate it on the eve of a national political campaign.

Here again is solace or despair for those who are trying, with the law as a lever, to lift the nation out of its groove of unrighteousness and put it upon the way of a higher order of living. One may draw the conclusion that, while the drafting of a law is the matter of a moment, the enforcement of it is oftentimes the matter of years—not in the sense that government constabulary can compel the outward compliance, but that recognizing its excellence the people will of their own initiative conform to it. The real virtue of the constitution, like the Ten Commandments, lies not merely in the formulation of a commendable rule of action but in the measure in which human nature is brought to abide by it. It is not the light that shines on the mountain top, but the rays penetrating the shadows lying at our feet, that help us onward. We may, if we choose, express an ideal by legislative enactment, but we cannot, by that token, take it for granted that it has been achieved.

The alternative conclusion is that law, after all, has very little to do with altering a conviction or erasing a prejudice. In the natural order, at least, it is extremely doubtful whether law to be successfully applied can be anything more than the reflection of a general state of mind. The statutory expression of allegiance to the good, the beautiful and the true, commendable enough in its way, would be purposeless unless the people, who are the real source of legal sanction, from a practical political viewpoint, were disposed to cherish these ideals. Experience has shown that it is not only futile but dangerous.

To be candid, it may be assumed that those who are most insistent that the embodiment of a rule of conduct in the constitution implies a moral obligation on the part of the individual citizen to follow it—and there are many such—happen to be those at whom the warning of the Jeffersonian disciples was aimed. Many advocates of prohibition seem to think that the Eighteenth Amendment carries a moral sanction which the individual citizen is bound to recognize—that a violation of the spirit, if not the letter, of the Volstead Act should stir a sense of guilt that would rest heavily upon the individual conscience. They are disposed to regard hostility toward the Eighteenth Amendment as disloyalty to American institutions. Many of these same advocates are equally convinced that, constitution or no constitution, it is their inalienable prerogative to vote against a candidate because they do not like his religious belief, and that without disturbing their consciences in the slightest degree or impairing their sense of allegiance.

Some might attempt to justify this apparent inconsistency on the ground that the constitutional provisions relating to freedom of religious worship are observed to the letter—that no longer can faith be made a test of fitness for office, the rule applying to the conduct of government and not to the conduct of the individual. This is little less naïve than the explanation made by the Texas politician for the failure of the Negroes in the town in which he lived to go to the polls. It was due, he said, not to any violation of the Fourteenth Amendment, which the citizens of the community revered as a part of the fundamental law of the land, but to the fact that the national guard, with full equipment, invariably paraded through the streets of the town on the eve of election day.

The Senator from Missouri discountenances such an evasion by the explicit assertion that the constitutional principle implies that "neither in private life nor in public office is the free citizen of America to be placed, on account of his religion, under the ban." Nevertheless it is doubtful that the reluctance of individuals to act upon this commendable motive will have disappeared at the end of another 138 years. It is not difficult to imagine that anyone actuated by religious prejudice will persuade himself to his own satisfaction that his hostility to a candidate is based on the color of the latter's hair or some equally intangible objection. In spite of all disclaimers it is, on the contrary, difficult to imagine his doing otherwise. Eradicating a prejudice can be accomplished only by the slow process of education and enlightenment. Certainly it cannot be accomplished by a constitutional fiat.

A few days ago the senior Senator from Texas called attention to the eighth birthday of the Eighteenth Amendment by singing the praises of "prohibition America." He pointed to the bursting bank vaults, the flourishing industries and the general atmosphere of well-being. He went on:

> Prohibition United States produces no raw rubber, but consumes nearly three-fourths of the world's output. It produces no natural raw silk, but consumes 72 percent of the earth's production. Naturally prohibition United States leads the world in the use of water power. Prohibition United States has the largest per capita wealth of all the countries of the world.

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At the conclusion of this odd panegyric the Senator from Maryland, Mr. Bruce, made the following remarks:

> Mr. President, all of us who are acquainted with the Senator from Texas, for whom, in many respects, I entertain the very highest regard, know that he has the same unquestioning faith in the efficacy of prohibition that a very young, unsophisticated child has in the omnipotence of his father. This is not the time nor the place to enter into any extended refutation of the statements that have just been made by him. The answer to all of them so far as they bear upon the industrial situation, is that the condition of prosperity which he portrays in such vivid colors cannot be due to prohibition, because there is no such thing as prohibition.

We may, if we choose, assume with the Senator from Texas that once a principle is embodied in the constitution, the miracle is wrought and its effects become immediately apparent. Or we may choose the colder, more analytical attitude of the Senator from Maryland. The facts remain that the ghost of religious prejudice walks 138 years after it was supposed to have been laid, and that, on the eighth anniversary of the nativity of prohibition, it has progressed so little beyond the state of feeble infancy that its friends are demanding that the state take every precaution to foster its growth and its enemies are asserting that it does not exist.

Whether one is for prohibition or against it, whether one is willing to subordinate religious prejudices to religious freedom, one ought to keep to a consistent course. If it is disloyal to ignore the one constitutional precept, it is equally disloyal to overlook the other. The philosophically minded will probably choose the more complacent course of regarding both temperance and tolerance as desirable ends to be attained not by legislative declaration or compulsion but by patient plodding of education and the cultivation of the spirit of charity and good-will.

THE LAYMEN OF GEORGIA

By RICHARD REID

WHEN Greek meets Greek they start a restaurant, if we are to believe the paragraphers; with equal truth we may say that when American meets American they hold a convention. Being as American as it is Catholic, the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia holds an annual meeting. But its recent gathering was not merely another convention helping to swell the national record to a new high peak for the year; there are several notes which distinguish it from our previous annual meetings, even as they are distinguished from the general run of conventions.

Catholics are comparatively few in Georgia, about twenty thousand in a total population of nearly three million, or one in every 150 persons in the state. In terms of geographical distribution, our Catholic population is even weaker. Although Georgia is almost as large as all the New England states combined, it has less than ¾ percent of the Catholic population of that territory, which makes the average for the state about one Catholic, man, woman or child, for every three square miles.

The Laymen's Association convention was held this year in Macon, a city of 60,000, with a Catholic population of about one thousand. Three hundred and fifty Catholics from other Georgia cities, one in every sixty in the state, journeyed to Macon for the meeting. To say that similar representation in a gathering in the Archdiocese of New York would mean an attendance of more adult Catholics than there are men, women and children in the Diocese of Savannah would be understating the case unless in New York 3,500 of the 20,000 came from Philadelphia, another 3,000 from Boston, Washington and Bennington, Vermont, a similar number from Providence and Baltimore, and all of the others from cities over fifty miles from the metropolis, most of them from places as distant as Binghamton, Ithaca, Albany, Springfield, Newport, New Haven, Atlantic City, Wilmington and Wilkes-Barre. To complete the parallel, the delegates from these various points to the New York convention should pay their own expenses, experience inconvenient railroad schedules or, if they travel by machine, unpaved roads for the most part, and devote the better part of two or three full days to the trip.

The Catholic laymen and laywomen of Georgia—for the women are equal to the men in this organization and hold state office with them—do not meet to satisfy the convention instinct ascribed to Americans. There are other conventions of Catholics held each year in Georgia both by state societies and by branches of powerful national bodies. The attendance at these worthy meetings is perhaps only 10 percent of that of the Catholic Laymen's Association convention. The reason for the success of the Laymen's gatherings must be sought elsewhere than in the convention instinct.

The Association is now in its twelfth year. It was organized in 1916, with the approval of the late venerable Bishop Keiley, by a small group of Georgia laymen at a time when a wave of religious prejudice, created by demagogues for political purposes, swept the state and threatened to engulf Catholics. These laymen, convinced of the honesty of most of their fellow-citizens, undertook to dispel this ignorance by a campaign of education. For eleven years they have carried on this work without relaxation, distributing

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pamphlets, answering inquiries, correcting misstatements in the press of the state, always with patience, always with charity, always assuming that their non-Catholic neighbors wished to know the truth rather than falsehood about their neighbors. The effectiveness of their work is indicated by the fact that in this time the number of objectionable articles in the two hundred or more newspapers of Georgia has dwindled from as many as one hundred a week to an average of less than two a month.

It is to hear the report of the work done during the previous year, to plan for the future and to hear the Catholic leaders of the country brought to Georgia for the occasion, that the members of the Catholic Laymen's Association gather annually in one of the five largest cities of the state. Our Right Reverend Bishop always lends his encouraging presence to the gathering; as many of the clergy as can arrange to be present at the convention, which is held on a Sunday, do so. From Tybee Light to Rabun Gap, from the Chattahoochee to the Savannah, the laymen gather; from the mountain cities of north Georgia at the Tennessee and North Carolina lines to the plains which touch Florida and sense the nearness of the Gulf of Mexico to the south, from the borders of South Carolina and the Atlantic on the east to the red hills of Alabama on the west they come, all permeated with the spirit and motto of their Association—"to bring about a friendlier feeling among Georgians, irrespective of creed."

The Catholics of Georgia have their work half-completed in their happy beginning; they start by setting an example to the state by the friendly feeling in their own ranks. Contact does promote friendliness and understanding where there is good-will, the few examples to the contrary being beside the point. Because of the annual conventions of their Laymen's Association, the Catholics of Georgia perhaps know one another better than those of any other state in the Union. And this despite the fact that a distance of 400 miles, more than that from New York to Montreal, separates some of the cities sending delegates. Thus a greater proportion of the Catholics of Savannah and Atlanta are personally known to one another than in perhaps any other two cities in the United States not practically suburbs of each other, although the distance between them is 297 miles. The same is true of the Catholics of practically every city in Georgia; yet those nearer than 100 miles to two other cities with resident priests are the exception.

There is a refreshing friendliness about these meetings. There the Bishop of Savannah meets his people, even from the tiniest missions. Every parish in the state is entitled to two delegates, every parish society and Catholic organization to one. Professional and business men mingle and serve on committees with members in more humble walks of life, and women have the same voice and vote as men. The extent to which the spirit of friendliness and harmony has permeated the organization is indicated by the fact that not once in the twelve conventions the Association has held has a motion failed to carry unanimously; differences of opinion, and of course there have been many, have always been reconciled in committee. Not only the older people but the young men and women attend, and several friendships thus started have ripened into Catholic marriages, a by-product worth noting in a section of the country where mixed marriages are a serious source of leakage.

The speaker at this year's convention was the Honorable David I. Walsh, United States Senator from Massachusetts, whose scholarship and eloquence are well known to readers of The Commonweal. His address on the constitution was conceded to be one of the finest delivered in Macon in many years. Other annual meetings of the Laymen's Association have been addressed by such Catholic leaders as Admiral William S. Benson, U. S. N., Retired, a native of Georgia, Michael Williams, editor of The Commonweal, Bartley J. Doyle, of Philadelphia, L. A. Downs, now president of the Illinois Central Railroad, Colonel P. H. Callahan of Kentucky, Michael J. Slattery, then executive secretary of the National Council of Catholic Men, Benedict Elder of Louisville and Father John J. Wynne, S.J., editor of the Catholic Encyclopedia.

What this means to the Catholics of Georgia is well worth considering. They come, in every case, from cities in which Catholics are in the minority, and in most cases where the non-Catholic majority is overwhelming. They live in a non-Catholic atmosphere, they breathe it. Once a week, if they are very fortunate, but more probably once or twice a month, they have an opportunity to hear Mass. Their newspapers are positively Protestant; so are their schools, their business circles, their social contacts. In most Georgia cities, even if Catholics were five times as influential in business and social life as their numbers warrant, they would be all but completely submerged by mere force of numbers.

It gives Catholics pride in their Church to realize the grandeur of its edifices, the might of its spiritual power, the greatness of its educational system, the magnificence of its charities. But there are few evidences of these in little Georgia towns where the Protestant churches tower above the little Catholic chapels like the Woolworth building over the old Post Office, or in little towns anywhere in the United States far removed from the great centres of Catholic population. If Catholics dwelling in them, while holding tenaciously to their faith, nevertheless eventually are influenced in estimating the Church's prestige in this twentieth century by its weakness in their community, it is because they are human.

At the Catholic Laymen's conventions these Catholics gain a new conception of the Church's power and influence and it encourages and strengthens them. One may say they should not need such aids, but unfortunately we all do need them. They see that even in

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Georgia the Catholic Church can boast of a laity which compares favorably in mental attainments, in ability or in any other desirable quality with the best of any of the Protestant denominations. They meet Georgia Catholics who are distinguished members of the bar, physicians eminent in their profession, educators deemed worthy of posts as principals of Georgia public schools and on the faculty of the University of Georgia, business men whose names are household names throughout the entire South.

They meet their bishop and the clergy in a more fitting setting than their local surroundings, and they cannot but be impressed by the contrast between their solid learning and the spectacular expositions which so often attend religious discourses in the communities in which they live. They hear eminent Catholic laymen and it heartens them to know that such men, whose ability equals if it does not outdistance that of anyone with whom they ever come in contact, worship at the same altar as they. Can there be any doubt that they return to their homes with a new pride in their faith, a new courage in its practice and defense?

Although primarily for Catholics, the Catholic Laymen's Association's annual convention interests the public at large as well. The recent convention is an example to the point. Both Macon papers welcomed the principal speaker with editorials recounting his achievements in public life, and gave the meeting front-page publicity; the Associated Press distributed the details of the convention. There was no special invitation extended to the public to hear Senator Walsh, but it was announced that anyone interested would be welcome. The session at which the Senator spoke was held in a downtown theatre; 1,200 were present, 20 percent more than the entire Catholic population of Macon. Nearly half were non-Catholics; some were anti-Catholics. This session elected officers, adopted resolutions and transacted other business, to the amazement, no doubt, of those in the audience who are members of an order which allows, even requires, its members to commit perjury rather than admit membership.

The convention in resolutions pledged the Association to continue its efforts for the retreat movement, its publication of the only Catholic newspaper in the Southeast, its work of acquainting the non-Catholics of Georgia with the actual teachings and practices of the Church through advertisements in the secular press, distributing of pamphlets and books, answering inquiries and objectionable statements about Catholics made in the press or from the pulpit or platform, and its kindred activities; it resolved to provide the funds for this work. These are resolutions which carry real meaning; they are fulfilled to the letter. The Association thanked the Georgia Press Association and the two Savannah newspapers for their large share in the welcome given the Catholic Press Association when it met in Savannah last spring; it expressed its appreciation to the press of Georgia for its general attitude toward efforts to promote friendlier relations among citizens irrespective of creed, and congratulated a member of the Association, who helped to organize it and was a delegate at this meeting, on his election as president of the Georgia Medical Association—three resolutions significant of the spirit now existing in a state which, when the Laymen's Association was organized, was regarded as the most anti-Catholic in the union.

The resolutions of thanks to the clergy and the Bishop of Savannah are also worthy of notice. The Association was organized by laymen, it is supported by laymen and it is operated by laymen, but it realizes that its very right to existence as a Catholic body depends upon the approval of the Bishop. After thanking the clergy and the chief shepherd of the Diocese for their encouraging assistance, the convention assured Bishop Keyes that "the Association has no other ambition than to prove itself worthy of his confidence, the blessing of the Church and the good-will of the country." And if the Association realizes its ambition, why should it not be successful?

"I Am Dethe"

The winds of winter
Were cold and loud.
They whined and whistled
Through his shroud.

His white bones rattled.
A hollow thrum
Rolled from the chains
That dangled his drum.

He crooked a finger,
"You will make
A journey over
Moor and brake."

Fog swept over
The wasted land.
He twined his fingers
Around my hand.

"Time!" I pleaded.
But he smiled,
"Time has never
Dethe beguiled."

"Gold!" I whispered.
But he said,
"Gold is seaweed
To the dead."

He ran his fingers
Through my hair,
Across my body,
Everywhere.

O Mother! Mary!
Be thou kind,
For I have met him
In the wind.

I have met him
Standing here;
And darkness comes,
And fog, and fear.

E. L. Peterson.

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HENRY HARLAND AND HIS WORLD

By DONALD A. ROBERTS

HENRY HARLAND knew the Quartier before he knew Kensington. Indeed he understood and loved both Paris and London before he became enamored of his native land. It was not until 1903 when he revisited the city of his birth for the last time and paid his final homage to the loyal godfather of his genius, Edmund Clarence Stedman, that he promised himself to "spend at least a part of each year in God's own country."

Thus racked by wasting disease and facing a doom that the climate of London brought nearer, the cosmopolite spiritually came home. For a little, the weary ship of his untiring spirit lay resting on the sweet waters of a new contentment. But only for the moment. He yearned again for the lands where his bohemian spirit had first given itself to a chaste delirium of old-world sophistication. To the lands of his vita nuova he must return and there complete his divina commedia. His Beatrice was art.

As he then saw his career, its Inferno had passed with the death of Sidney Luska. The earlier books of this alter ego he doomed, with no regret, to the netherworld of his American youth. Luska, he was wont to say, haunted him like the lugubriously unreal figure of a dismal dream. If perchance the evil fellow had lived in the flesh, the author of Mademoiselle Miss had never known him. The aching joy of those first successes, which he had shared with his friend Gibson Putzel, whose race had been their inspiration, and which he carried to Stedman like the offering of a devotee at the shrine of the god whose power had wrought his fate, this ecstasy of success coming after great discouragement, he could forget as he considered the bright, almost bodiless, glory of his later career.

The desire to forget was honest. In destroying the books he had created he realized that he aroused neither regret in his own heart nor disapproval among his friends. But what in his career he knew deep in his honest nature was good through the labors of others, and what in his success was not of his own creating, he cherished with the loyal affection that characterized his whole life. Thus to the end of his days, Harland revered Edmund Clarence Stedman. "I owe you everything," he wrote more than once to this man who was his father's closest friend and his own spiritual patron; and essentially he spoke the truth. For certainly no man ever again enjoyed quite the same literary and personal relationships with Harland.

The poet not only guided his friend's impetuous son through the more esoteric mysteries of the writer's craft, but he also read hundreds of manuscript pages and blotted thousands of lines. When these preliminaries were done and the first book complete, Stedman named it and arranged for its publication.

The time came when he enjoyed the intimacy of Henry James, Whistler, Lang, Gosse and Beardsley. These and all the others who made up the bright host of that era he met on terms of intimacy. But when he knew them he had ripened. They were his fellow-craftsmen, greater than he to be sure, but still his co-workers and, in that sense, his equals. In the early years with Stedman he was merely a neophyte. Those were the days of the eager unfolding of a secret ambition, of the shy display of a first manuscript, and of unflattering contacts with publishers and editors. Despite this fact the relationship began and always remained one of friendship and mutual esteem. Harland was eager and humble; but Stedman never patronizing, never superior and always patient.

Out of this forgotten past, this down-circling dream of despair, Harland clung only to this Vergil whose guidance he continued to cherish. In 1889 when he sailed for Europe with the intention of remaining, he took with him letters of introduction provided by Stedman. These magic missives opened for him the doors of literary London. The first dinner with Andrew Lang was the gateway to his Paradiso.

Between the publication of As It Was Written and this momentous evening in 1890, however, Harland had visited France. There he first doubted his literary salvation; there under the influence of De Maupassant he glimpsed the light behind the hills of his Purgatorio. There, as Henry James put the matter, "he perfected a style"; he found salvation. This assurance of fin de siècle beatitude grew, however, through several years of doubt. For a time Harland lived between two worlds. A romantic at heart he nevertheless listened with respect to the counsel of Howells, who urged a larger development of the realism manifest in the early books. He studied the French realists and he met Henry James. The result after taking counsel with his own heart was a compromise. Harland became the disciple of De Maupassant and so remained until the end. As he himself well understood, the short story was his métier. Despite his devotion to the great French master in the technical phases of his art, however, he never became the severe realist. Plotless contes and vivid moments brilliantly revealed became the characteristic expressions of Harland's art. In life and literature, romantic to the end, he craved experience with an enthusiasm that admitted none of the pessimism of his French masters.

Though Paris in large measure gave form to the later phase of Harland's art, and despite the fact that the city of light remained always the refuge of his happiest days, it was in England that he touched the full stream of the literary and artistic movement

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of the day. From the very beginning he was one of Lane's men, and it was not surprising, therefore, that, when the manifesto of the nineties made its appearance, Harland was its editor. Lane's choice was a wise one for, as Henry James observed many years later, "It was the happy fortune of Henry Harland to charge everything he touched, whether in life or in literature," with contagious vitality and spontaneous enthusiasm. Lewis Hind, who knew the personalities of the era as few were privileged to know them, accentuated this judgment in his statement that "behind all these growing reputations of the nineties, uniting and vivifying all his contributors, was that bright restless spirit, Henry Harland."

That the appearance of "the small, square, lemon-colored quarterly" achieved Harland's great reputation no one who understands the significance of the Yellow Book in the year 1894 can doubt. The youthful literary editor, the boyish art editor and the publication itself received a terrific cross-fire of adulation and scorn from which they emerged famous and unabashed. Harland's new eminence, however, was merely the public confirmation of what the select already knew. From that very first dinner at the Oxford and Cambridge Club with Andrew Lang, and the first tea with Mrs. Lang, Henry Harland and the gifted Aline, his wife, easily won their way to the closest of personal friendships and literary associations with the whole brilliant group of the period.

Of this literary pantheon three won the homage which, until their advent, Harland had given only to Stedman: Whistler, Henry James and Gosse, these were the three, and the greatest of these was James.

As a man of letters Henry James was Harland's idol. Barely known to the novel-reading public and appreciated by only a few when Harland first met him, he grew in favor during the years of their acquaintance. His ardent young admirer lost no opportunity to praise him when he was little known and to justify his manner and content wherever he was attacked or scorned. The very first contributor sought for the Yellow Book was James. The record of the Sunday afternoon visit of Harland and Beardsley to the home of James in quest of a story for the first memorable number of the brilliant quarterly indicates clearly that the great novelist cherished his young admirer. He tells the story affectionately in the preface to the fifteenth volume of the New York edition of his collected works. Written long after the letters in which he spoke disparagingly of the Yellow Book, the passage proves finally that despite any general doubts about the purpose or nature of the publication itself, James loved the "touchingly convinced and inflamed projector" of it, without reservation.

And Harland never tired of praising the greatness and goodness of his master. When he paid his last visit to the United States he seized the occasion of an interview published in the New York Herald to awaken his countrymen to the glory that was theirs in this expatriate genius. Characteristically exaggerated as some of the remarks attributed to Harland obviously are, his statements about his idol must be taken literally. He says:

> The very greatest American in England is, of course, Henry James, and he is received wherever he may be because he is Henry James. Nobody thinks of him as an American because he is so much more than that. He is everyone; he is everybody; he is Henry James, and that means that there never is and never can be an end to him. . . . When we talk of him we speak, as you are doubtless aware, of the very greatest mind that has ever been devoted to the writing of fiction in any language since the beginning of created literature.

Here is high praise from one of the best known novelists of the day, from the author of The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. But he had not done:

> Henry James! How much the mere name contains! And the mind of the man! That mind! There have existed only a few minds in the world at all comparable to his. His intellect is of the same order as that of Aristotle. There are only two names in the modern world to be mentioned in the same breath, Balzac and Tolstoi. And what is there in all Balzac that one can compare to The Wings of a Dove? Anna Karenina is a great novel but what of its greatness beside that of The Wings of a Dove? No, James is the greater mind. He is the greatest master of the art of fiction that has ever lived. He is the truest analyst of human motive, the greatest psychologist of the living novel, the absolute master of the most unapproachable style.

The judgment of the last twenty-four years would probably not sustain quite so impassioned a tribute. Indeed in 1903 the consensus of qualified minds, to borrow Aristotle's phrase, would, in all likelihood, have brought in a less complete vindication of Meredith's companion in the slow climb to eminence. But the statement is all Harland. It is perhaps a much better picture of the critic than of the one criticized. Impetuous, enthusiastic, generous and loyal, the words of his tribute are his own image. "The product of Guy de Maupassant and Henry James," as William Rothenstein calls him, he recognized in James the very pattern of what, with all his earnest devotion to art, he himself most desired to be. And if he was not that ideal, it is pleasant to see him so near to the promised land and so essentially fine in placing another in the glory toward which he yearned.

Of his intimacy with the other two of the great three—Whistler and Gosse—his friendship for Wilde, his early connection with Thérèse Bentzon, and all the multitudinous contacts with the great and small in the literary and artistic circles of his day, no mention is possible within the limited space of so short an article. With each, however, the testimony is the same. A cloud of witnesses, they gather to say "where Harland was, was light."

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COMMUNICATIONS

A CATHOLIC PRESS NEEDED

Stanton, Tex.

TO the Editor:—We, of the small missions of west Texas, are slowly dying a quiet death; no spasm, no acute pain. The opiates of the daily secular newspapers and the weekly magazines—and the highly instructive moral movies!—keep the patient from feeling the disease, and create in him the fear of pain above everything else.

There is no more appetite left for solid food; just a sip of some fanciful drink and a narcotic bringing in oblivion.

Some people are cured by a dangerous operation. Our Catholic people may be yet saved by the dangerous operation of removing from them the daily secular papers, both the narcotic for previous bad conditions and, more than the disease itself, the cause of other effects.

In this case, the thing removed must be replaced by the daily Catholic newspaper, or the daily newspaper of Catholic influence. The false liberalism of our Catholic people is appalling. According to the tenets of that species of religious indifference, you can hardly tell a Catholic from any follower of sects or of old-time national religions. The conviction of the supernatural life and principles sits very lightly on our Catholic of modern tendencies and views. To that kind of Catholic, who, at any price would first and last be nice to non-Catholics, the knowledge of the liturgy and of the Bible is of little importance: he frets a good deal over the fact that the Church does not use the vernacular, does not sing the latest fashionable evensong; the old Bible stories and prophecies are out of place, some being too crude, others too simple; others cause them to apologize for God's laws, ways and prescriptions. The Mass is not properly understood by the many to whom it becomes only a perfunctory function to be present at Mass: they fail to recognize the gift of God to themselves, which in turn they can offer back to God for their own benefit and that of the whole world.

I repeat, a slow death is staring us in the face, unless our vigilant watchmen give the signal of alarm, and point out the remedy. It is not so much a question of how much building there should be of numerous and grandiose churches, schools and universities; it is a question of creating a new man of the one who has become, without knowing it, an old pagan worshiper of nature, without its Creator and Lawgiver.

A daily Catholic press has been the urgent need of this country for many years: only with great optimism may we believe that it is not too late, even if still a duty.

REV. F. X. GAGNON, O. M. I.

THE REAL ISSUE IN MEXICO

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—The press of the United States seems to be going on the principle that the more a statement is repeated, the more it will be taken as true. Ambassador Morrow has improved conditions in Mexico. In just what particulars the improvement has been made, or the name of one person or corporation pleased with the improvement, is never stated. But this is of no importance, as the truth is that the Ambassador has improved nothing, and could not possibly improve anything. By temperament, character, training, business preoccupation and interests, he is inhibited from attending to the real point at issue in this business of settling the Mexican debt.

The Mexican-Spanish laws hold that in the government, as the successor of the Spanish Crown, is vested the ownership of natural resources, particularly the minerals found in the sub-soil. Absolute ownership in these can never be conceded. This is old Mexican-Spanish tradition, and is not without its social values. The American law takes the opposite stand, deriving from a different tradition. Hence no compromise is possible.

Of course, the United States, through Mr. Morrow or some other, may force, cajole or influence the Mexican government to adopt the American law as its own. But this "settles" or "improves" nothing, and raises another spectre, the right of sovereignty. Dominion of the sub-soil and right of sovereignty are the issues, and the longer the American mind ponders on the implications of these, the nearer will it come to a solution. But it looks as if this will not come in Mr. Morrow's time.

MARIE P. MADDEN.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT ON INTOLERANCE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—There is at present so much discussion on the subject of religious tolerance in this country that I would like to bring to mind the fact that it isn't entirely a question of the present moment.

When Taft was a candidate for the office of President and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt was backing him, he responded to some attacks made on Mr. Taft because he was a Unitarian and "suspected of improper sympathy with Catholics." Mr. Roosevelt said that under our form of government it was "reasonable to expect that there will be Presidents of Jewish faith and Presidents of Catholic faith," and that anyone attacking a candidate because of his race or creed was in direct opposition to one of the cardinal principles laid down by the founders of our republic—religious tolerance. He voiced his belief and hope that men would be chosen for public office in this country regardless of race or creed, and simply because of their fitness to serve the nation.

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

TWO NOVELS

Altoona, Pa.

TO the Editor:—I have recently read two books. One was An American Tragedy, by Theodore Dreiser. It seems to me that it scarcely pays a lay person to read a book like that. It would, no doubt, be helpful to someone whose work it is to better social conditions, just as a physician studies cancer and other malignant diseases.

One feels almost besmirched oneself in reading this work. We certainly would not, in real life, seek the society of such characters as are delineated in the book, so why associate with them mentally?

The other book, Death Comes for the Archbishop, by Willa Cather, is like a bright September day, inspiring and elevating. Turning from daily papers full of accounts of most revolting crimes, it is like a draught of pure water.

I wish to express my gratitude to The Commonweal for putting me in touch with so admirable a book.

ALICE IVORY.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Patriot

ONE of the most ambitious and, in certain respects, one of the finest productions of the season seems destined, according to newspaper reports of attendance, to be one of the most sensational failures of the year. The Patriot is a play adapted from the German of Alfred Neumann by Ashley Dukes. It revolves about the idiotic tyranny and final assassination of Czar Paul I of Russia—the son of Catherine the Great. The production includes among other things some intensely effective settings by Norman Bel Geddes and some very fine staging and directing by Gilbert Miller, who is also the producer. It is, moreover, an authentic play—not a mere stringing together of episodes—and as it reaches many highly dramatic moments, as well as many passages of keenly human understanding, its failure to win public support is partly, though not wholly, a mystery.

Perhaps the best explanation lies in the fact that historical plays are rarely successful unless their themes strike a universal response independent of the particular people and material used; or unless they are so compactly written as sheer drama that the audience at once becomes interested in plot purely as plot; or unless—as in the conspicuous example of Drinkwater's Abraham Lincoln—the central character is so commanding and so well known to the audience as to make anything affecting him seem to have a surpassing interest. Now the theme of The Patriot is far from having a universal significance. The assassination of a true Caesar brings up the universal problem of all great tyrants or autocrats. But Paul I of Russia was almost an imbecile. Probably, to most of us in the audience, he was little more than a name before the action of the play began.

We do become aware gradually that his petty tyrannies are a menace to Russia and to Russia's relations to the outside world. But just how they are a menace is never fully explained. The action is so confined to the immediate court circle surrounding the Czar that we never catch the feeling of great masses of people suffering under a tyrant's oppressions, nor of the destinies of a race being molded. The problem at heart is merely one of dynastic succession, and this in itself is a matter of supreme indifference to most American audiences. The amazing success of such a play as Disraeli only goes to prove the point—for Disraeli himself was a parliamentary, not a dynastic figure, the Premier of an empire with which America was once linked historically and with whose system of government we have the utmost familiarity. We are not, on the whole, interested in dynasties, but rather in the fate of peoples, and it is only when a dynasty stands clearly for the destinies of a race, or when we are so thoroughly familiar with the historical circumstances as to relish seeing it brought to life, that our emotions become sincerely stirred.

On the other hand, The Patriot has many elements of the well-made melodrama. It shows us the figure of Count Pahlen struggling to reconcile his duty to his sovereign with his greater interest in the welfare of Russia, his determination to force the abdication of the Czar at all costs, his final acceptance of the responsibility of murdering the Czar, and his ultimate quixotic suicide to remove all suspicion that his deed might have been inspired by self-interest rather than patriotism. It is a play of quick-moving intrigue, of richly motivated human emotions and of well-sustained dramatic suspense. But it has little or no link with the common experiences or feelings of mankind. It is a play which might have an intense interest for European audiences in those countries where dynastic intrigues are still going on, or have recently enveloped history.

The first scene of the play is somewhat slow-moving and stilted, the characters speaking in rather unreal lines and never wholly convincing us of the importance of the action about to occur. In fact, as I have indicated, the failure of this first scene to set a proper mass background for the story may have much to do with the unresponsiveness of the public toward it. After this, however, the thread of human emotions is picked up quickly, beginning with the entrance of the Czar Paul; for no small part of the real interest of the play is centered in the psychological conflict between Pahlen and the Czar himself. In a curious way Pahlen loves him. There is something pathetic as well as monstrous in this son of Catherine the Great, and there are few scenes in theatrical history that can compare with the one in which Paul, half drunk, half realizing that Pahlen is plotting against his life, throws himself at the knees of his future assassin and begs for protection and not to be left alone. At this moment it seems as if the mental torture of Count Pahlen approaches the proportions of a Hamlet. Taken as a whole, the play is one for special rather than universal audiences.

The Close of Reinhardt's Season

IT WOULD seem that Max Reinhardt has reserved one of the very best of his productions for the close of his interesting New York season. It is a German translation of the Tolstoi play which was formerly given in this country under the name of Redemption. Mr. Reinhardt uses the unnecessarily gruesome title of The Living Corpse. The play deals with the attempt of Fedja, a good-for-nothing husband, to remove himself from the life of his wife, Lisa, through a fake suicide so that she can be free to marry Karenin, a devoted friend of the family. The hoax is discovered, and when Fedja finds that his reappearance will break up the new happiness which Lisa has found, he shoots himself in order to clear the path for her future.

The telling of this story requires eleven scenes, including one particularly picturesque one in a house of gypsies where Fedja is wasting away his life after first leaving Lisa. The cast for this play is also a very large one, making use of nearly all the distinguished actors Mr. Reinhardt has brought over. In fact the only absent one is Paul Hartmann, and that probably because the only part that would do him justice is the one already assigned to Alexander Moissi. Fedja, I believe, is one of Moissi's very famous parts—the same part played by John Barrymore in the American production. It gives Moissi every possible opportunity to display his renowned voice and the perfection of his many theatrical tricks which have gained him such wide recognition. Had we not had the opportunity of seeing Moissi in other parts, we might be much more impressed with his Fedja. Unfortunately there is a similarity in many of his characterizations which makes us feel that he is projecting his own personality rather than endeavoring to recreate a character. The one really thrilling interpretation of the play is that of Helene Thimig as Lisa. In her work

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last week in the Schiller play she, in common with the others in the cast, was given over to much ranting and exaggerated manner. Probably the German classics have this distressing effect upon German actors, just as Shakespeare has upon English-speaking actors. But in the present play she reaches a high point of restrained emotion, bursting forth in one climactic scene of outpouring grief more utterly real than anything of its kind I have ever seen on the stage.

From his direction of a play of this sort, we can gather a much clearer idea of the finest aspects of Reinhardt's talent. There is one particular device he uses which would, I think, go far to add interest and illusion to many American plays. This is the device of permitting all unimportant lines, such as greetings and farewells, to be said very casually in a low undertone. This points off the action and movement of the play, as punctuation sets off speech. One of the commonest faults of American directors is to allow actors to shout trivial and unimportant lines as if they were surcharged with meaning. The result not only is monotonous, but detracts from the force of the real moments of climax. The Reinhardt method is part and parcel of his dominating idea of rhythm. You can be sure that a Reinhardt modern play will move in waves of feeling and not, like so many of our hastily thrown together productions, in one racing level of declamation. Whatever we may think of Max Reinhardt's lack of artistry in his spectacular productions, he has taught us in his modern plays many lessons of making the theatre stand primarily for the illusion of life and its infinite variety. (At the Cosmopolitan Theatre.)

The Queen's Husband

ROBERT EMMETT SHERWOOD, the editor of Life and the author of The Road to Rome, has turned his mildly satirical pen to the troubles of the constitutional monarch married to an energetic queen whose chief ambitions are to rule her country with an iron hand and to make occasional trips to America to borrow money. King Eric VIII, of a certain "island kingdom in the North Sea" is rather fond of playing checkers with his chief flunkey and of being as submissive and inactive as possible when not inspecting orphan asylums or laying wreaths on notable graves. An uprising of the liberals and the reds during the absence of Queen Martha in America gives him his first taste of real power, and thereafter we have the familiar and pleasant spectacle of the henpecked husband rising in his wrath to do what a good common-sense king should do. He acts as mediator in the threatened revolution, pulls down the power of the military dictator by "discovering" that the constitution allows him to dissolve Parliament, and finally marries off his daughter, the Princess Anne, to a commoner fifteen minutes before the state wedding so carefully scheduled by Queen Martha with the degenerate prince from a neighboring kingdom. Perhaps none of this satire is particularly novel or brilliant, but it is amusing enough throughout to supply a fairly gay and harmless evening. The only trouble seems to be that Mr. Sherwood has mixed satire with certain attempts at realism, as if one were to put The Chocolate Soldier and Disraeli into the same shaker. Roland Young is capital as King Eric, and the rest of the cast are fairly competent. The weakest point in the cast is Reginald Barlow as General Northrup, the military dictator. He acts more like a cockney butcher at a costume ball. Dwight Frye gives a brief but thoroughly amusing portrait of the foreign prince, and Katherine Alexander makes a reasonably every-day flapper out of the Princess Anne. (At the Playhouse.)

BOOKS

The Glass and the Mold

Modes and Manners of the Nineteenth Century, Volume IV; translated from the German of Dr. Oskar Fischel and Max von Bohn. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

THE sources of fashion have always been a mystery to all men and many women. Serious minds which try to write its history find themselves under the handicap of attempting a rational account of a frequently irrational thing. In the past the whim of some great prince or princess, even the need on their part of attempting to cover a deformity, has often given birth to a mode of dressing whose discomfort and ugliness all the resources of beautiful material only partially conceal. All one can perceive at the present moment is that the tyranny of fashion for one sex has come to an end and that there are signs of its abatement in the case of the other. The infinite variety of styles and materials, a growing aesthetic consciousness which leads women to dress "to type" has infringed upon the dictatorship of the great ateliers, and the change has been marked by more than one failure to dictate.

Throughout the period covered by the fourth volume of Modes and Manners of the Nineteenth Century, which takes us to the eve of the great war, this tyranny was at it height. The series of plates and photographs which accompany the text show us, besides a great deal that is designed for beauty, one instance after another of dress forms almost unbelievable in their distortion. In 1874, the year with which the volume commences, one of many revolts against voluminous drapery was showing itself in the famous "eel-skin" costume. "It is said on good authority that the Empress Elizabeth of Austria had her riding habit sewn on over her bare skin." "Baroness Maria Walders" writes that her bridal dress was "so tight that I dared not eat." Manufacturers of material, then as now, were hard hit by the change, and the famous bustle was a handy invention for utilizing many yards of silk or cloth while preserving the fashionable ideal of an "hour-glass" figure. The bustle, more or less modified, seems to have lasted into the early nineties, about which date the fullness of material is transferred to the upper part of the body. Puffed sleeves which must have made entry into any but a double door a thing of sidewise progress, and hanging sleeves whose encroachment upon soup and gravy must have marred the pleasure of many a banquet, continue to swell the profits of the honest fabric manufacturer and middleman. By the first years of the twentieth century, walking skirts that drag upon the pavement many feet behind the walker are saving the street sweeper the rougher part of his task. Hats pass through a positively vertiginous series of changes, from what amounts to little more than a gauze butterfly poised upon the frizzed coiffure still favored by senior members of the British royal family, to the "picture hat" of terrible memory. Headgear "in 1907 attained the most improbable dimensions. The brim widened until it spanned the shoulders in quite ordinary models and outspread them in the really fashionable ones. The wits maintained that many models far exceeded the average dinner table in circumference."

Moralists were busy with feminine fashions throughout the past four decades—when have they not been? It is a little difficult today to follow the common sense of their strictures. Compared to fashions that meet the eye on every street and

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in every church today, slit "harem skirt" seems a very innocuous adventure. Perhaps the connotations of its title account for the fulminations called out by it, in which the good Archbishop Hartmann of Essen took a leading part. We would also like to know the fate of the law "promulgated" by the state of Illinois which provided fines and imprisonment for "provocative clothing." "The use of corsets," the state fathers edicted, "is permitted only where absolutely necessary to health and upon production of a medical certificate to this effect." We hope they are satisfied today.

Beautifully printed upon heavy glazed paper, and with reproductions of fashion plates and little-known pictures, exquisite in their accuracy of line and color, the fourth volume of Modes and Manners of the Nineteenth Century makes an exceptionally welcome gift book even for those who are not fortunate enough to possess the earlier three. Two English chapters by Grace Thompson are interesting social history, but rather remotely connected with the aim of the book. They are also marred by a dislike for labor and advanced social views that can almost be spiteful. By the beginning of the twentieth century we read, with what breath we can keep, "the basis had been laid of a reorganization of society which, without seriously injuring the privileged, will give once more a certain security to the humblest." Happy, happy land! Merry, merry England!

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

A Great Gospeler

D. L. Moody, A Worker in Souls, by Gamaliel Bradford. New York: George H. Doran Company. $3.50.

"SEVENTEEN years afterward, I was born from above; I got life from God; a new life, distinct and separate from the natural life. I got a life that is as everlasting as God's life; a life that there is no end to: eternal life. How did I get it? By receiving the Word of God into my heart." In this fashion the remarkable man who upset all precedents among the Protestant Evangelicals, described what he called his "conversion." One moment he was a sinner and lost; in the next moment he was God's child, a new creature begotten by that seed of the Holy Ghost, the Word of God.

"Salvation is instantaneous": the sinner himself may not be able to say when his unbelieving will is broken and he begins to believe; but there is such a moment, known to God if not to him who receives the gift, when God lifts the sinner and places him within the Kingdom. When the soul wills belief in the Saviour, Jesus Christ, God responds with the gift of faith. The soul passes from death unto life.

Once the soul, through faith, possesses eternal life, it can never lose it. Moody told his son about the thoughts that flooded his soul when, on his return voyage from England in 1892, he faced what seemed to be imminent death. The propeller-shaft had been broken and the ship was slowly sinking. "There was no cloud," he stated, "between my soul and my Saviour. I knew that my sins had been put away, and that if I died there it would be to wake up in Heaven. That was all settled long ago."

It is to no purpose that Mr. Bradford, in this interesting but after all futile book, seeks to relate Moody to the continental mystics. Moody knew nothing about the degrees of prayer. It is absurd to attempt to psychoanalyze him. And when Mr. Bradford, in the spirit of William James, with scalpel in hand, approaches the "problem" of Moody's conversion, does he seriously expect to find complexity where there is none? Nobody who does not appreciate the utter simplicity of the man and of the "gospel" which took hold of his innermost being and transformed him into a zealous worker in souls, can understand Moody.

Mr. Bradford points out that Moody did not understand his own mental processes. He is disappointed not to find a tendency to introspection and self-analysis in a man whose whole attention was directed to the "finished work" of Christ on the Cross! He complains that Moody was ignorant of art, etc. But was it not better for Moody's own happiness and efficiency that his attitude was so thoroughly objective?

There were two idols which Moody shattered. One was Protestant institutionalism, than which nothing more frozen and rigid can be imagined; while others deliberated, debated and exercised themselves to invent a machine to kill a fly, Moody, the fiery "direct-actionist," had "saved" a thousand souls. The other idol was that delusion which made the state of a man's feelings the evidence of his salvation. Moody, on the contrary, made feelings secondary. He pointed his inquirers to the Cross and said to them, "Only believe."

Moody was never ordained. He was a business man, constrained by the very necessities of the situation which his zeal had created to become an evangelist. The elders of the church in Boston, to which Moody applied for membership, were hesitant. They distrusted the enthusiasm of this young hothead who, on the morrow after his conversion, wanted to rush off to the battle. For some time they kept him on probation; and no doubt it was as much the intention of the elders to dampen his ardor as to instruct him more perfectly in the way of the Lord.

Moody chafed under these restraints. Realizing that, in staid old Boston, a man "with zeal but without knowledge" would not be likely to get an opportunity to assist others into the way of life, he turned his steps to the distant West. Once in Chicago he immediately applied for the position of a teacher in a Sunday-school. On being denied this happiness, he gathered the waifs of the street into the church and provided his own class. Soon it became necessary to find more room for his activities, and he organized a Sunday-school of his own. He was not content with merely teaching these gamins and outcasts from the slums of the city. He pressed on them to "decide for Christ." All the while he had been reading the Bible. When he saw his more than one thousand sheep in danger of being dispersed, he decided that God desired him to be their shepherd. Thus he became a worker in the vineyard: his success, in seeking out the "lost sheep" for whom nobody seemed to care, was so tremendous that he attracted the attention of unconventional clergymen and religious workers in other cities, and his services to hold revivals were soon in great demand.

Backed by Moody's native straightforwardness, the simple "gospel" with which he burst on the Evangelical world caught on and spread like a prairie fire. He "gloried only in the Cross." He was a one-book man. He trusted implicitly in God's providence for the support of his many undertakings. God was faithful: the barrel of meal diminished not; the cruse of oil failed not.

Of all the fundamentalists Moody was the most tolerant. Some of those who succeeded to the work which he began have lapsed into the crudities of "No Popery"; but Moody's relations with the Catholics were always very cordial. I have been able to find only a single expression of his which could be called even remotely anti-Catholic; and this was when, in Rome, he "spoke of the sad degeneration of the communion

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service" of the Catholic churches "from the pure faith of the early Church."

I wish it were possible to say that Moody's work has wrought a change for the better in American Protestantism. There are a few yet remaining who have his spirit. There are Dr. Torrey, Dr. Gray, Dr. Haldeman in New York City, Mr. Philip Mauro, and some others. When such men go out to states like Kansas to hold meetings, they complain bitterly that the people are so occupied with "reforming" sinners by means of repressive legal enactments, and so self-righteous, that they have become impervious to the gospel of "regeneration."

Moody believed in temperance, but he thought there were other things far more important. He took a stand against the use of liquor and tobacco: in his opinion the "consecrated Christian" was bound to give up his "bad habits." But he *never joined such an organization as the Anti-saloon League*; and he soon parted company from Frances E. Willard because that lady had no scruples about teaming up in her work with "unsaved" persons. Her way of making people temperate was not Moody's way. Moody believed that ethical conduct which did not spring spontaneously from Christian faith as its principle was without value in the sight of God.

ROBERT R. HULL.

A Challenge to Materialism

The Metaphysical Foundations of Modern Physical Science, by Edward Arthur Burtt. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.00.

DUHEM, the distinguished French philosopher, spent much of his later life in dealing with his favorite thesis that while the middle-ages had abused the subject of qualities, our modern philosophers equally, or even in greater measure abuse that of quantities. The profoundly interesting and very erudite work now under review deals with the second point in the above statement. Its author, an assistant professor of philosophy in the University of Chicago, contrasts the outlook upon life of Dante in his day:

"O grace abounding, wherein I presumed to fix my look on the eternal light so long that I consumed my sight thereon! Within its depths I saw ingathered, bound by love in one volume, the scattered leaves of the universe."

And of Bertrand Russell, the representative of the pagan philosophy of our time:

"Man's origin, his growth, his hopes and fears, his loves and his beliefs, are but the outcome of the accidental collocation of atoms. Brief and powerless is man's life; on him and his race the slow, sure doom falls pitiless and dark. Blind to good and evil, reckless of destruction, omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way."

We are not criticizing Mr. Russell, else we might observe that Huxley once said that no man with a scintilla of scientific insight would ever talk of chance as the above passage does. But let that pass. What we are concerned with is our author's explanation of this state of affairs. How is it that it has come to pass that, while in the earlier period man was the centre of the universe, what we have now arrived at is his banishment from the great world of nature and his treatment as an effect of what happens in that world?

Professor Burtt's reading of the riddle is the gradual mathematical explanation of all things initiated by Galileo and continuing through others, but above all Newton, whose greatness made his metaphysic weighty to his followers, down to our own day; when even a man like Earl Balfour would have us believe that things non-metrical are more or less excluded from science—thus shutting off the whole world of life, by the way, wherein measurements have shown themselves to be singularly useless and inefficacious. Added to this stream of thought and blended with it is the pitiably meagre part reluctantly allotted to the mind especially from the time of Descartes.

Thus we come to the beliefs that (1) the real world is not one of substances but of electrons equipped with mathematical characteristics and with no others; that (2) explanations in terms of final causes have been set aside for explanations in terms of their simplest elements; so that God has "ceased to be regarded as a Supreme Final Cause, and, where *still believed in, became the First Efficient Cause of the* world," and man loses his place as a part of the teleological hierarchy; finally (3) the Cartesian dualism with mind in a corner of the brain and a mechanical genesis of sensation and idea.

To all these things the author offers a powerful resistance and, though we cannot afford space to deal fully with it, we may specially note his dissection of Huxley's consideration of the question as to where we feel the prick of a pin applied to our finger. In the brain, says Huxley, and so would most physiologists. Not so our author, for whom consciousness is not shut up in a corner of the brain. The mind—it is his argument—is not susceptible to mathematical treatment, nor can any moral motivation come to it by thinking of its world as ultimately matter.

"Rather it is when men are persuaded that their ideas are as real and causally efficacious as anything in the world, that you rarely see any ignoble hesitancy about placing themselves on the altar of a cause that pulls at every heart-string—this is the secret of all that is positive and worthful in western religious history."

No more need be said to prove that this book is a strenuous challenge to modern materialistic thought, and a challenge, moreover, from one well able to take his part in the fray. It should find a place in every philosophical library, however select the latter may be.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

Shakespeare's Gild

The Organization and Personnel of the Shakespearian Company, by Thomas Whitfield Baldwin. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $6.00.

IN VIEW of what Chambers, Adams and others have written about the Elizabethan stage, it seems strange that there could have been room for another volume. This is also, one feels, an indispensable volume. I really do not see how future teachers of Shakespeare, in so far as they must be concerned with the problems which surround their subject, can afford not to weigh the conclusions which Mr. Baldwin proposes. The major consideration he establishes may be summarized as follows: Shakespeare as a playwright served a company of actors which was not the fluid, individualistically organized troupe of today but a closed corporation to which only a certain number of members belonged. He was obliged, therefore, to bear in mind the number and the eccentricities of the actors whenever he sat down to write a play. We can find an explanation for many Shakespearian peculiari-

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ties in this fact and we can, indeed, find such an explanation nowhere else.

Professor Baldwin has not merely invented this attractive key to Shakespearian study. A careful examination of all the evidence available first suggested that the Elizabethan company was really a company—that is, a society which conformed to the rules of gild (or guild, in the more familiar spelling) organization. It then remained necessary to show precisely how this type of organization functioned. Here exact information was not available, but research had revealed enough to enable Professor Baldwin to put flesh on the bones he himself had dug out of the patents and official documents. His picture is carefully drawn and certainly plausible. It profits by the constant self-criticism to which the author takes recourse. One may, therefore, put forth the highly illuminating assertion that patient study of literature has provided social historians with their first authentic impressions of what the gild system actually was. Dr. Baldwin correctly says that heretofore the subject has been obscured by all kinds of special pleading, by idealizations as well as by venemous attempts to blacken the reputation of the mediaeval time.

It is true, of course, that the findings assembled in this book must not be pushed too far. The playwright was certainly no automaton, who had to obey the whims of the various strutters for whom he wrote. Nevertheless one may now be so sure that Shakespeare necessarily reckoned in terms of the men with whom he was associated that much darkness gives way to rifts of light. The prevailing atmosphere is dusky enough even so. One notes with inescapable resignation that a chapter entitled Facing the Facts is nine-tenths conjecture. The author is forced to say "Shakespeare must have done this," or "Shakespeare would have done that" because he is not in a position to be sure. Fortunately there is good reason to rejoice in the steady approximation to accurate knowledge which recent years have witnessed.

Once more I repeat that Professor Baldwin's book will not be missed from any reputable library of books about Shakespeare. To the recommendation which this sentence conveys, nothing further need be added.

PAUL CROWLEY.

Mirage

The American Caravan: A Yearbook of American Literature. New York: The Macaulay Company. $5.00.

AMERICAN readers are an open-mouthed and gullible race, but rarely are they invited to swallow a dose of such weary bilge as is here ladled out. In a big-winged foreword, peculiar to tendenz literature, the editors announce their publication to be "a spiritual as well as geographical canvass . . . of all living American writers." After reading this modest manifesto, the unwary purchaser might not unreasonably expect to find rich bales of fresh American goods bulging over the literary wagon-tail. But when the cart is actually unloaded and the huzzas of the Literary Guild have died away, the Dear Reader finds himself standing amid a clutter of shop-worn verbiage and derivative bric-a-brac.

One's first impression of the volume is its incredible third-rateness, its utter lack of exuberant vitality. Examples of its literary anemia are too abundant for the comfort of anyone who wants to believe in the present or future of American literature. Three specimens must suffice: Thomas Craven's essay on pictures is a jejune resurrection of the idea that modern easel-painting illustrates the decline of art since the Sistine Chapel era. Well? Such critical aperçus are the stock gush of the art league graduate at his first varnishing party; one scarcely expects to bite down on this worn pebble in the mince-pie of vorgeschrittenen art criticism. Jennings Tofel's Essays in Intimacy reveal a personality still in the stage of adolescence. And Gertrude Stein! Fifteen years ago her jargon-aphasia was read seriously; today we drop a tear and wonder why Van Wyck Brooks as editor did not set his jaw more firmly against the decrepitudes of our first expatriate.

Michael Gold's Hoboken Blues, a darktown variation of Rip Van Winkle, has the double virtue of being hilarious and native; Edmund Wilson's Galahad, while needlessly bordering on the salacious, contains the elements of a real tragedy. There are a few poems that could have been printed in any of the old-line magazines, a playet or two that no magazine of any description would be bothered with and some Joycean imitations that the Irish master would be sorry to see. But in the entire 850 pages of this now-to-be-annual almanac, there is little that bears the imprint of an energetic or original mind.

The Caravan is an excellent example of James Huneker's adage that the literary business of the world is done among friends. Despite the heroic efforts of the editors to solicit "unknown authors," there is only one new name in the book—a harmless little name over an innocuous little poem. The remainder of the contributions come from the middle-aged home guard who have been the threat and promise of American literature since the free-verse days of 1912. The "geographical canvas" hinted at in the foreword apparently means: the Dial staff (and their friends), the Paris Expatriates (and their friends) and a few ex-Muscovites now battening off New York.

Actually the Americanism of the Caravan is a myth, as an inspection of its sources and material will show. From every conceivable angle of inspection it fails to achieve (not what this reviewer thinks it should achieve) but what it promised to achieve, and now claims to have achieved.

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON.

Diverse Destinies

The Man Who Was Born Again, by Paul Busson, translated by Prince Mirski and Thomas Moult. New York: The John Day Company. $2.50.

Silent Storms, by Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Samadhi, by Will Levington Comfort. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

IN FRANCE, India, and the "purgatory of life" are the settings of these novels laid. In the first, Paul Busson, Viennese military doctor who died in 1924 after a short literary career, struggles hard with the idea of the immortality of the soul. Accepting the doctrine of the Bakhtashites that the spirit of the body passes into another receptacle after death, provided it succeeds in taking memory with it, he writes the journal of a German baron, Melchoir von Dronte. After a tempestuous childhood and a youth of cruelty and passion, the baron pursues the form of Aglaia, a loved one whom he loses every time she is within his grasp.

The realism of the death of Melchoir, seated in a tumbril looking upon the horror of the French Revolution, is splendid. Too often, however, the author equals the cruelty of Lion Feuchtwanger; and again outdoes the American fantastic to whom he owes much, though the translators of the volume claim he "was untouched by any foreign influences." Von Dronte too often speculates on transmigration; otherwise he

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is an interesting character. The rest of the group, cruel nobles, oppressed villagers, singing soldiers, thieves, hangmen and murderers met along the way, are equally well drawn. Busson is interesting in his exposition, fascinating in his study of the occult; but Dronte, who is born again, never meets God, and is punished for none of his early crimes. What Busson has done, save for the over-bestiality of too many characters, is good, but the material which he presents is insufficient for such a speculation to become anything more than a speculation.

We have more struggles in Silent Storms: a Wall Street broker struggling against the ties with which France is binding him—his heart, his business, his soul. He fights against foreign loans, he attacks the desires of his French wife, in the end there is separation. Maria Madelaine is most odd. Painted as a Catholic, she has none of the markings of that religion despite a relationship to a member of the college of cardinals, the one good figure in the book. The conversation is of "big business"; politics, trade, the younger generation, people who are "doing things"—nothing but after-dinner smoke. The noise of the stock ticker is the accompaniment.

Samadhi is the most pleasant of the three. It lacks the power of the first, but avoids its mental questionings. Townsend Sessions, who loves animals as he loves Calista, is interesting from the time he disagrees with his biology professor as to animal understanding to the last of his oriental adventures. Despite elephants, tigers and the menace of the jungle, there is an avoidance of melodrama in Mr. Comfort's book which is most satisfactory.

JAMES E. TOBIN.

Art and Propaganda

Father Mississippi, by Lyle Saxon. New York: The Century Company. $5.00.

FATHER MISSISSIPPI, by Lyle Saxon, is too important a book to be dismissed as propaganda. Yet Mr. Saxon has injected that element into a document which undoubtedly lays claim to being one of the most interesting written on the Father of Waters, and by so doing has very definitely made his four hundred and more pages an appeal addressed to the present body of voters in this country.

But Father Mississippi should not be missed. It presents the river in a new aspect to all those who do not dwell in its lower valley or on its uncertain banks. From the first moment when the author describes his childhood days in Louisiana plantation country one is made to feel how this estuary is so terrible and dear. Mr. Saxon first describes how he was, as a boy, brought to the edge of a wild, turbulent river, ready to burst its levee confinement. It was a vastly different one than he had been accustomed to see peacefully flowing in its proper bed a half-mile beyond and many feet below the levee top. A vastly different one, too, in intent. For the boy had known the river as a benefactor, not as a menace and a destroyer. And that river, so awesomely and mysteriously metamorphosed for him, becomes the central figure in a book of many moods.

As a historian of the Mississippi, Lyle Saxon must inevitably give the impression of being, for the most part, too local. At times the real protagonist is that stretch of the river extending from Natchez to New Orleans. In that city and its environs he revels, and the epic he unfolds is unquestionably fascinating and a distinct contribution to early Americana. But there is no mention of the discovery of the source of the

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Mississippi, none of the founding and development of St. Louis, none of the part the river played in the Civil War, none of numerous other equally important points. These gaps are the more to be deplored because of the inclusion of several chapters having a very remote connection with the subject.

At times the author has allowed others to tell his story for him. In the journals of De Soto, La Salle, Father Marquette and other explorers and pioneers, this course is a most happy one. To see the river and the semi-tropical beauty of the lower Mississippi country through the eyes of the white men that first saw it is indeed a distinct privilege. But Mr. Saxon has gone further, and disastrously, in this matter of allowing others to speak for him. He has added considerably to his narrative by the inclusion of numerous quotations from newspapers during that portion of the volume in which he describes the great flood. The result is a succession of chapters that read like the clippings from the library of any daily newspaper. This is all the less understandable when it is considered that the author's own contributions on the flood are among the best that could be written. The chapters Down on the Levee and Acadians in the Flood are truly little gems of descriptive writing, infused with the pathos and the tragedy, the resignation and cheerfulness, of a refugee people. It is because of this that the reader must immediately become impatient with the fact that Mr. Saxon is an opportunist as well as a clever writer, and that his desire to get his book to the public before Congress met to pass on the problem of Father Mississippi, has resulted in such an imperfect piece of work.

JOHN G. BRUNINI.

Mapping the Eternal City

Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome, by M. A. R. Tucker and Hope Malleson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

THE need of an ecclesiastical handbook to the religious antiquities of Rome which will briefly synopsize the confusing mass of history accumulated by the centuries, has long been voiced by the Christian pilgrim of latter years. Older guide-books and walks in Rome have so heavily emphasized the importance of its pagan monuments, and the favored book of Father Chandlery has proved so prolix in its details, that the compilation of M. A. R. Tucker and Hope Malleson will be accorded a hearty welcome.

The present volume, under its sub-title, The Christian Monuments in Rome, is the first part of the Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome, the second part, The Liturgy in Rome, being already in an American edition, which will be later supplemented by part three, Monasticism in Rome, and part four, Ecclesiastical Rome.

From this it will be seen that the new Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome is more than a mere tourist guide: in reality it will constitute a brief history of the places and events in the papal city. The present volume, for instance, gives in its chapter on The Basilica an adequate account of the pagan as well as the Christian uses of these great structures: their signification in Church history as well as their architectural design and features. The editors have shown a fine discrimination in their award of space to liturgical and decorative detail, and also a proper sense of the importance of the catacombs, which is too often minimized in the attention of the non-Catholic visitors to Rome.

THOMAS WALSH.

Briefer Mention

An Autobiography, by Benedetto Croce, translated by R. G. Collingwood. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.00.

THE influence of Benedetto Croce upon criticism and more particularly upon aesthetics is, perhaps, more significant than any other intellectual impression which modern Italy has succeeded in making upon the world at large. English readers, however, have never been able to individualize the man—to see him as the self-created philosopher who, for better or worse, offered the spectacle of his innermost thought to the world. The present brief autobiography, originally written during the war, gives a succinct account of Croce's progress. It narrates the drying up of his religious life; the desire to arrive at a "philosophy of practice" and the results which this desire produced; the ambition to engage in historical study and finally in comprehensive criticism of modern literature; and, in a general way, the acquisition by Croce of a view of himself. To readers of philosophy the most interesting portion of the excellently translated, prefaced and printed little book will be Croce's statement of his relation to Hegel. Here, it seems to me, he distinguishes in quite the same fashion as a scholastic, and applauds Hegel's "conception of a philosophical logic fundamentally different from the logic of naturalism."

The Church and the Country Community, by Edwin V. O'Hara. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

FOR years Father O'Hara, who spent his boyhood on a Minnesota farm, has devoted himself to a study of rural problems and the part which the Catholic Church must play in their solution. Now, in a compact volume of little more than a hundred pages, he indicates a general policy which must be followed for several years if a satisfactory solution is to be found, and outlines the steps which may be taken immediately in preparation for larger plans which shall be developed in the years to come. The main plank of the proposed program is the building up of 10,000 strong rural parishes. The proposal for today is recognition by Church authorities of the pivotal importance of the country parish and the necessity of assigning to such parishes clergy and religious who have a sympathetic understanding of farming and the economic and social substratum of the communities they are to serve. Another live topic of the present which is ably discussed is the religious vacation school. The Catholic farm woman, rural health, farm coöperatives and the principles of land ownership are among other subjects which are presented freshly and clearly. A short summary of Catholic rural action in several European countries also is given.

The Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain, by Ralph Adams Cram. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. $5.00.

THE present edition of Dr. Cram's fine book provides a worthy setting for a work which, for many years, has been out of print and the object of search by students of the monastic remains in England. The publishers have supplied with the text many beautiful illustrations of lovely old ruins, impressive in their landscape surroundings and some of them, like Tintern and Melrose, suggesting opportunities for some great restorer of the future. Dr. Cram's views on monasticism and the early Church in England are usually very sympathetic to Catholic hearts that never resign their first claims upon these venerable and beautiful relics of the ages of faith.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Over our Library tea cups, exhilarated, I have no doubt, by our steaming Ceylon, we have discussed not a few topics of interest, at least to ourselves, my dear Britannicus; this five o'clock 'desipere in loco' has generally left us in a complacent mood to face the last stretches of our hours before dinner, and we owe a tribute of reverence to the tea-kettle of our ancestors and to the benign expansiveness that it creates. Visions out of Jane Austen, Maria Edgeworth and Cranford, lovely old faces like Whistler's Mother, weave in the thin aromas rising from our cups; here is peace, early Victorian, contrasting with the riot and gabble, the contrapuntal racket, that accompany the shaking of ice and the pouring of sorceress cordials. It was surely a Frenchman or a Russian who first poured rum or brandy over the squeezed lemon and the distillation of his samovar. Peace was then preening her wings for flight from our social world as the aperitif opened the doors for the entry of the cocktail. There is evolution in all these things, dear Britannicus. We have bemoaned the decline in family relations, the practical disappearance of humane conversation and polite letter-writing; our motors run so fast that we no longer can muse over scenery or stop to pick up the desiccated barn fowl and pet poodles on our highways—'We are off, the captain shouted,' and we do not bother about the destination.

"To the ardent drama of our lives there is no curtain; climaxes consume all the scenes, and the conclusion remains the only mystery. There was an etiquette of the snuff-box followed by the etiquette of the cigarette; the Indians rubbed noses in friendship; the sixteenth-century smokers lighted their companionate pipes at the same candle; forms change—'omnia mutantur et nos mutamur in illis'—but for all the poets' pretty words, we remain practically the same—generation on generation, per omnia saecula."

"I have always thought," mused Britannicus, "that it was quite unfair of us to place the burden of Mrs. Trollope's criticisms of Cincinnati social conditions upon that proud city of the Ohios; as the cap fits us all more or less becomingly. I will confess, Angelicus, that I was somewhat chagrined by the uproarious reception given to my announcement of Madge Jenkins's engagement to Sylvander Wilcox, after I met them walking arm-in-arm one afternoon on the Avenue. Challenged in my assertion, I found that this old form of publicly declaring matrimonial intent was not only unhonored among the moderns, but was absolutely jeered at by the youngsters, who declared that they, at least, never walked arm-in-arm anywhere by daylight."

"I shall take a look into Emily Post's Etiquette on this point, Britannicus; she has made a very thorough study on a question more intricate than is ordinarily imagined. Some of my friends, seeing her book on my desk, remarked that it was an exhibition of vulgarity, but when I had put them through a few questions on the use of visiting cards and the rules for week-end visitings, they wished to borrow the volume and carry it off. But no, it stands permanently beside my telephone book and the Social Register. There were also a few points in a recently published Summary of Etiquette regarding the most becoming way of snatching a seat from a lady in the subway trains, and an admonition to the gentlemen not to attempt a flirtation with the lady who is left standing before him. There was another modern reminder against an excessively curling moustache, and some hints for the motorists of our jeune siècle. I was not unimpressed by one piece

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of pithy advice—'Do not mix gas and booze. Quit drinking or quit driving.' And another—'Remember, no driver's seat is wide enough for three. Beware of one-arm driving, so called.' "

"Modernity affects our etiquette in other ways," remarked Britannicus. "There is the telephone courtesy and the obsequiousness of the radio-announcer; there are new rules for men and women in business offices, and regulations of dress and decorum for office-boys and messengers, as well as for head clerks and even employers. I remember the clashing of criticism that met the publication back in the nineties of Lelia Hardin Bugg's little book, The Correct Thing for Catholics—in which some of the faithful registered an affront when they were asked not to scold their servants in public nor to entice a good domestic away from another mistress. Were these things peculiar to Catholics? asked the devout critics who read that it was not correct 'for a woman to cheat the grocer in order to dress her daughters in silk attire and a sealskin jacket'; that it was not correct 'for the wealthy ladies of a parish to hold aloof from the benevolent organizations, leaving the expense and trouble to those who can least afford to bear them'; that it was a special peculiarity of Catholic bridegrooms 'to come late, to forget the ring or license,' 'for a Catholic young man to indulge in every luxury excepting a library,' or 'to forget that a "grown-up child" is a disgusting as well as a sorrowful spectacle,' or 'to neglect to remember that a muff in winter enables a lady to say her rosary without observation.'

"These were naïvetés whose special application bruised certain consciences; that they were advices for Catholics did not make them useless for other folk. Mrs. Bugg's interest was certainly noble enough and certainly helpful if we were to make the favorable impressions socially that she ardently desired. Possibly the author of The Correct Thing for Methodists, The Proper Thing for Christian Scientists, and Formal Etiquette for Hebrews might meet with some such bifurcated reception in the meeting-houses and synagogues. From Henry Collins Browne's New York in the Elegant Nineties we learn that 'The stenographer was to be dressed in severe looking checked tweeds, long sleeves, high neck, stiff collars, ascot tie and a black glazed sailor hat. Pulchritude had no part in her selection. The plainer she was, the more decorous were the susceptible males around her supposed to be. No one imagined for a moment that beauty in an office could possibly be a business asset.' "

"And so it goes," summed up Doctor Angelicus, drowsily. "No, I shall not take another cup today."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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